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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse; with Forty Original Designs.* By Thomas Hood. Second Series. 12mo. pp. 150. London, 1827. C. Tilt.

The peculiar humour of our facetious author may not suit every taste, far less excite those hearty effusions of mirth and hilarity in some, which it provokes in so many. There are sour and saturnine persons in the world, who would as willingly be broiled as laugh; and there are others, swayed by baser passions, to whom the innocuous jest, the lively tone of amusing badinage, and the unpretending play of literary and social wit, are utter abominations. The vicious and the rancorous cannot enjoy harmless jokes; their depraved appetites must be fed with grosser viands, and mischief or slander are their recreations;—to hurt or injure their partners. To such dispositions we would not recommend the sportive volume before us: it would sicken them to see talent in dishabille, relaxing itself as carelessly as if there were neither envy, nor malice, nor rancour, on earth, and taking its swing of fun as cheerfully as if the whole world were filled with good fellows, desirous of being happy, and ready to grin, even at a pun. To those, on the contrary, who acknowledge the latter much more agreeable temper, we venture to say that they will find much of genuine drollery to entertain them in this volume.

Mr. Hood's short preface is the best introduction we can give to his mélange of verse and prose: it is at once modest and characteristic.

"In the absence of better fiddles, I have ventured to come forward again with my little kit of fancies. I trust it will not be found an unworthy sequel to my first performance; indeed, I have done my best, in the New Series, innocently to imitate a practice that prevails abroad in duelling—I mean, that of the seconds giving satisfaction. The kind indulgence that welcomed my volume heretofore, prevents me from reiterating the same apologies. The public have learned, by this time, from my rude designs, that I am no great artist, and from my text, that I am no great author, but humbly equivocating, bat-like, between the two kinds;—though proud to partake in any characteristic of either. As for the first particular, my hope persuades me that my illustrations cannot have degenerated, so ably as I have been seconded by Mr. Edward Willis, who, like the humane Walter, has befriended my offspring in the Wood. In the literary part I have to plead guilty, as usual, to some verbal misdemeanours; for which I must leave my defence to Dean Swift, and the other great European and Oriental Pundits. Let me suggest, however, that a pun is somewhat like a cherry: though there may be a slight outward indication of partition—of duplicity of meaning—yet no gentleman need make two bites at it against his own pleasure. To accommodate certain readers, notwithstanding, I have refrained from putting the majority in italics. It is not every one,

I am aware, that can Toler-ate a pun like my Lord Norbury."

The book consists of thirty pieces, of various kind and various merit. Some are capital hits, and others (as will always be the case) of inferior workmanship, too good to be foils, but not good enough to be rivals. The first, entitled Bianca's Dream, has many humorous and witty allusions; and, though rather long for us, we shall endeavour to let our readers taste it.

"Bianca, fair Bianca!—who could dwell  
With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,  
Nor find there lurk'd in it a witching spell,  
Fatal to balmy nights and blessed days!  
The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell,  
She turn'd to fire, and set it in a blaze;  
Each eye of her had Love's Euphryon in it,  
That he could light his link at in a minute.  
So that, wherever in her charms she shone,  
A thousand breasts were kindled into flame;  
Maidens who cursed her looks forgot their own,  
And beaux were turned to flambeaux where she came;  
All hearts indeed were conquer'd but her own,  
Which none could ever temper down or tame:  
In short, to take our haberdashers' hints,  
She might have written over it—'from Flint's.'

She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,  
At least in Venice—where with eyes of brown,  
Tenderly languid, ladies seldom vex  
An amorous gentle with a needless frown;  
Where gondolas convey guihars by pecks,  
And Love at casements climbs up and down,  
When, for his tricks and custom in that kind,  
Some have considered 'a Venetian blind.

Howbeit, this difference was quickly taught,  
Amongst more youths who had this cruel sailor,  
To hapless Julio—all in vain he sought,  
With each new moon his hatter and his tailor;  
In vain the richest paduavio he bought,  
And went in bran new beauty to assail her—  
As if to show that Love had made him smart  
All over—and not merely round his heart.

In vain he labour'd through the sylvan park  
Bianca haunted in, that where she came,  
Her learned eyes in wandering night mark  
The twisted cipher of her maiden name.  
Wholesomely going through a course of bark:  
No one was touched or troubled by his flame,  
Except the dryads, those old maids that grow  
In trees, like wooden dolls in embryo."

The despairing lover and the cold mistress are further painted, till—

"'people truly said, as grief grew stronger,  
It could not shorten his poor life—much longer."

He thinks of suicide, but—

"Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust  
His sorrows through—'tis horrible to die!  
And come down with our little all of dust,  
That dun of all the duns to satisfy;  
To leave life's pleasant city as we must,  
In Death's most dreary apunging-house to lie,  
Where even all our personals must go,  
To pay the debt of nature that we owe!  
So Julio lived;—'twas nothing but a pet  
He took to life—a momentary spite;  
Besides, he hoped that time would some day get  
The better of love's flame, however bright;  
A thing that time has never compass'd yet.  
For love, we know, is an immortal light.  
Like that old fire, that, quite beyond a doubt,  
Was always in—for none have found it out.

Meanwhile, Bianca dream'd—'twas once when night  
Along the dark'nd plain began to creep,  
Like a young Hottentot, whose eyes are bright,  
Although in skin as sooty as a sweep:  
The flowers had shut their eyes—the tephry light  
Was gone, for it had rock'd the leaves to sleep;  
And all the little birds had laid their heads  
Under their wings—sleeping in feather beds.  
Lone in her chamber sat the dark-eyed maid,  
By easy slaves jaunting through her prayers,  
But listening sidelong to a serenade.  
That robb'd of the solace a little of their shares.

For Julio underneath the lattice play'd  
His Deh Vieni, and such amorous airs,  
Born only underneath Italian skies,  
Where every fiddle has a Bridge of Sighs."

She contemplates her *de-sung* loveliness in a mirror, till she falls asleep, and dreams of herself as an aged lady.

"Still shone her face, yet not, alas! the same,  
But 'gan some dreary touches to assume,  
And sadder thoughts with sadder changes came—  
Her eyes resign'd their light, her lips their bloom,  
Her teeth fell out, her tresses did the same,  
Her cheeks were tinged with bile, her eyes with rheum;  
There was a throbbing at her heart within,  
For, oh! there was a shooting in her chin.

And lo! upon her sad desponding brow,  
The cruel trenches of besieging age,  
With seams, but most unseemly, 'gan to show  
Her place was booking for the seventh stage;  
And where her raven tresses used to flow,  
Some locks that Time had left her in his rage,  
And some mock ringlets made her forehead shady,  
A compound (like our Psalms) of Tête and Braidy.

Then for her shape—alas! how Saturn wrecks,  
And bends, and corkscrews all the frame about,  
Doubles the hams, and crooks the straightest necks,  
Draws in the nape, and pushes forth the snout,  
Makes backs and stomachs concave or convex;  
Witness those pensioners called in and Out,  
Who all day watching first and second rater,  
Quietly unbend themselves—but grow no straighter.

So Time with fair Bianca dealt, and made  
Her shape a bow, that once was like an arrow;  
His iron hand upon her spine he laid,  
And twisted all awry her winsome narrow;  
In words dress'd a chambermaid, but only a  
The holy Pope before her chest grew narrow,  
But spectacles and palsy seem'd to make her  
Something between a Glassie and a Quaker.

Her grief and gall meanwhile were quite extreme,  
And she had ample reason for her trouble;  
For what sad maiden can endure to seem  
Set in for singleness, though growing double.  
The fancy madden'd her; but now the dream,  
Grown thin by getting bigger, like a bubble,  
Burst,—but still left some fragments of its slag,  
That, like the soapbuds, smarted in her eyes."

The catastrophe may be imagined: Bianca did not continue so cold to Julio's prayers, but turned towards him

"With words, like verbal kisses, on her lips.

He took the hint full speedily, and, back'd  
By love, and night, and the occasion's meetness,  
Bestow'd a something on her cheek that smack'd  
(Though quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness,  
That made her think all other kisses lack'd.  
Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness;  
Being used but sisterly salutes to feel—  
Inspired things, like sandwiches of veal.

He took her hand, and soon she felt him wring  
The pretty fingers all instead of one;  
Anon his stealthy arm began to cling  
About her waist, that had been clasp'd by none;  
Their dear confessions I forbear to sing.  
Since cold description would but be outrun;  
For bliss and Irish watches have the power  
In twenty minutes to lose half an hour!"

Our second extract affords a fair example of the prose, in which a quaint imitation of an ancient English Classic will readily be recognised.

"A *Ballad-Singer* is a town-crier for the advertising of lost tunes. Hunger hath made him a wind-instrument; his want is vocal, and not he. His voice had gone a-begging before he took it up, and applied it to the same trade; it was too strong to hawk mackarel, but was just soft enough for Robin Adair. His business is to make popular songs unpopular,—he gives the air, like a weathercock, with many variations. As for a key, he has but one—

a latch-key—for all manner of tunes; and as they are to pass current amongst the lower sorts of people, he makes his notes like a country banker's, as thick as he can. His tones have a copper sound, for he sounds for copper; and for the musical divisions he hath no regard, but sings on, like a kettle, without taking any heed of the bars. Before beginning he clears his pipe with gin; and he is always hoarse from the thorough draft in his throat. He hath but one shake, and that is in winter. His voice sounds flat, from flatulence; and he fetches breath, like a drowning kitten, whenever he can. Notwithstanding all this, his music gains ground, for it walks with him from end to end of the street. He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a song; for he will chant, without asking, to a street cur, or a parish post. His only backwardness is to a stove after dinner, seeing that he never dines; for he sings for bread, and though corn has ears, sings very commonly in vain. As for his country, he is an Englishman, that by his birthright may sing whether he can or not. To conclude, he is reckoned passable in the city, but is not so good off the stones."

To follow the "ballad singer," what can we have better than "a pathetic ballad?"

"'Twas in the middle of the night,  
To sleep young William tried,  
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,  
And stood at his bed-side.

O William dear! O William dear!  
My rest eternal ceases;  
Alas! my everlasting peace  
Is broken into pieces!

I thought the last of all my cares  
Would end with my last minute;  
But though I went to my long home,  
I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,  
And made a snatch at me;  
It's very hard them kind of men  
Won't let a body be.

You thought that I was buried deep,  
Quite decent like and chary,  
But from her grave in Mary-bone  
They've come and boned your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm  
Is took to Dr. Vyse;  
And both my legs are gone to walk  
The hospital at Guy's.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,  
But fate gives us denial;  
You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's,  
In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet  
You used to call so pretty,  
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,  
The other's in the city.

I can't tell where my head is gone,  
But Doctor Carpus can;  
As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up  
To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.  
And save me such a ride;  
I don't half like the outside place,  
They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone!  
My William we must part!  
But I'll be your's in death, although  
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,  
And think that there I be;  
They haven't left an atom there,  
Of my anatomy."

The Progress of Art mingles wit with the tenderness of youthful recollections; a style in which the writer is generally very successful. There is a ludicrous essay on sending old persons, in their second childhood, again to school; and the following epistle from one of that class, will, we are sure, give all our juvenile friends a holiday laugh:—

"Black Heath, November 1887.

"Dear Brother,—My honnored Parents being Both desist I feel my Duty to give you Sum Account of the Progress I have maid in my studdys since last Vocation. You will be

gratified to hear I am at the Hed of my Class and Tom Hodges is at its Bottom, tho He was Seventy last Barth Day and I am onely going on for Three Skore. I have begun Gografy and do exizes on the Globbs. In figgers I am all most out the fore Simples and going into Compounds next weak. In the mean time hop you will approve my Hand riting as well as my Speling witch I have took grate panes with as you desid. As for the French Tung Mr. Le-gender says I shall soon get the pronunciation as well as a Parishiner but the Master thinks its not advisable to begin Lattin at my advanced ears. With respects to my Pearsonal comfits I am very happy and midling Well except the old Complunt in my To—but the Master is so kind as let me have a Cushin for my feat, If their is any thing to complane of its the Vittles. Our Cook dont understand Maid dishes. her Currys is xcrabble. Tom Hodges Foot Man brings him Evry Day Soop from Birches I wish you providid me the same. On the hole I wish on menny Accounts I was a Day border partickly as Barlow sleeps in our Room and coffs all nite long. His brother's Ashny is wus then his. He has took lately to snuff and I have wishes to do the like. Its very dull after Supper since Mr. Grierson took away the fellers Pips, and forbid smocking, and all-most raized a Riot on that hed, and sum of the Boys was to have Been horst for it. I am happy (to) say I have never been floged as yet and onely Caind once and that was for damming at the Cooks chops becous they was so overdund, but there was to have been fore Wiped yester day for Playing Wist in skool hours, but was Begd off on account of their Lumbargo. I am sorry to say Ponder has had another Stroak of the perrylatics and has no Use of his Limbs. He is Parrs fag—and Parr has got the Roomytix bysides very bad but luckily its onely stiftind one Arm so he has still Hops to get the Star for Heliocution. Poor Dick Combs eye site has quit gone or he would have a good chance for the Silvr Pen. Mundy was one of the Fellers Burth Days and we was to have a hole Hollday but he dyed sudnly over nite of the appopkly and disappointed us very much. Two moor was fetcht home last Weak so that we are getting very thin partickly when we go out Wauking, witch is seldom more than three at a time, witch is allways so menny in the nursery. I forgot to say Garrat run off a month ago he got very Homesick ever since his Gran-children cum to sea him at skool,—Mr. Grierson has expeld him for running away. On Tuesday a new Schollard cum. He is a very old crusty Chap and not much lick'd for that resin by the rest of the Boys, whom all Teas him, and call him Phig because he is a retir'd Grosser. Mr. Grierson declind another New Boy because he hadn't had the Mizzles. I have red Gays Fabbles and the other books You were so kind to send me—and would be glad of moor partickly the Gentlemans with a Welsh Whig and a Worming Pan when you foreward my Closebox with my clean Lining like wise sum moor Fleasy Hoshery for my legs and the Cardmums I rit for with the French Grammer, &c.—Also weather I am to Dance next quarter. The Gimnystacks is being interdeuced Into our skool but is so Volent no one follows them but Old Parr and He cant get up his Pole. I have no more to rite but hop this letter will find you as Well as me; Mr. Grierson is in Morning for Mr. Linly Murry of whose loss you have herd of—except witch he is in Quite good Helth and desires his Respective Compliments with witch I remane Your deuitful and loving Brother

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S.P. Barlow and Phigg have just had a fite in the Yard about calling names and Phigg has pegged Barlows tooth out But it was loose before. Mr. G. dont allow Pugism, if he nose it among the Boys, as at their Times of lifes it might be fadle partickly from puling their Cotes of in the open Are. Our new Husher is cum and is very well Red in his Mother's tung, witch is the mane thing with Beginers but We wish the French Master was changed on Account of his Pollyticks and Religin. Brassbrige and him is always Squabbling about Bonnyparty and the Pop of Room. Has for Barlow we cant tell weather He is Wig or Tory for He cant express his Sentymints for Coffing."

A Legend of Navarre is a story to match the Ephesian Matron: we withhold it out of respect to widows, who, in spite of all the satire flung at them, are not, in our opinion, more prone to marry than maids (young or old)—without good cause. Hunk's toothdrawing adventures tell of themselves, and are not so much indebted to the bard as others of his narrations. Tim Turpin resembles the Pæthetic Ballad, and therefore we refrain from quoting it. Death's Ramble appeared originally in the Literary Gazette; but the Wes Man tempts us to a concluding specimen.

"It was a merry company,  
And they were just afoot,  
When lo! a man of dwarfish span  
Came up and half'd the boat.

'Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,  
And will you let me in?  
A slender space will serve my case,  
For I am small and thin."

They saw he was a dwarfish man,  
And very small and thin;  
Not seven such would master much,  
And so they took him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat,  
With such a narrow brim;  
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat,  
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,  
When, gravely, one and all,  
At once began to think the man  
Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt,  
His hat a broader brim,  
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out  
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went  
More rough the billows grew,—  
And rose and fell, a greater swell,  
And he was swelling too!

And lo! where room had been for seven,  
For six there scarce was space!  
For five—for four—for three—for two  
Than two could find a place!

There was not even room for one!  
They crowded by degrees—  
Ay, closer yet, till elbows met,  
And knees were joggling knees.

'Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,  
The wave will else come in!  
Without a word he gravely stir'd,  
Another seat to win.

'Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,  
You must not sit a-lee!  
With smiling face and courteous grace  
The middle seat took he.

Rut still by constant quiet growth,  
His back became so wide,  
Each neighbour wight, to left and right,  
Was thrust against the side.

Lord! how they chided with themselves,  
That they had let him in!  
To see him grow so monstrous now,  
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,  
They grew so scared and hot,—  
'T the name of all that's great and tall,  
Who are ye, sir, and what'f?

Lord laugh'd the Gogmagog, a laugh  
As loud as giant's roar—  
'When first I came, my proper name  
Was Little—now I'm Moore!"

With regard to the embellishments of this merry tome, we can only mention that they are very whimsical, ingenious, and laughable.

*The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys; a National Tale.* By Lady Morgan. 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. Colburn.

We remember, two or more years ago, when we happened to dissent from Lady Morgan on some literary estimate of a work, (we believe of her own,) that she published a replication, in which she elegantly threatened to "sit us up with a long pole." We have read the O'Briens and the O'Flahertys; and we are convinced, by its length, that it is the identical pole which was then menaced. In spite of this conviction, however, there is neither feud nor faction on our side; and standing as we do upon immovable principles, (allowance being made for difference of opinion and errors in judgment,) between the authors who appeal to our court, and the public which appreciates our decisions, we confess our sorrow at having to state many objections to this novel, which, deformed as it is, displays a masculine energy of mind and very considerable acquirements. But Lady Morgan has been too much before the world—and the critical world;—has by the boldness of her positions challenged too much animadversion; and, indeed, has been too much an object of controversy as an individual (which ought seldom to be) and an author,—to render it expedient for us to do more than consider her latest publication *per se*.

It is no vain boast, but an honest excuse, when we say, that if the *Literary Gazette* could recommend these volumes for the perusal of the females of England, many thousand young and interesting women would read them:—but we cannot, and will not utter that recommendation. It may be equally true, we hope it is not, that curiosity to see what is condemned, may excite an equal number to haunt the forbidden ground: if it should be so, the fault is not ours,—and we have, painfully, done our censorial public duty.

The novel is called a National Tale; and, for aught we know, it may be so, inasmuch as it may be a true picture of the profligate part of a profligate coterie in high life: but we do know enough of the higher circles of society to know that all are not alike, and that if there are Catilines, there are also Aristides; if there are Messalinæ, there are also Corneliæ; and therefore we will not receive this as a National Tale. Ireland has been, and is, degraded enough, but surely its general character cannot be so abominably low and disgusting as is drawn here. And especially that Sex, the grace, the refinement, the purification of the other;—that Sex could not,—cannot exist in a state so debased and revolting to manly feelings. We grieve that such a picture of manners should have come from the pen of a woman;—there is not only not a virtuous, but there is hardly a decent female character throughout the work. Ladies of rank are rank; abbesses and nuns are intriguing courtizans; and as for the lower orders, they are lower than their stations. The libel, too, is wrought up with congenial spirit; and only the plain words which are now forbidden to decorous writing, could tell what "the womankind" are who figure in this saturnalia of Irish life. In all our reading, we never met with a description which tended so thoroughly to lower the feminine character. At the same time, we have to remark that it is impossible to paint unprincipled conduct and dissolute manners, without raising gross ideas and using indelicate language. Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Centlivre, it is true, might

be more unguarded; but the gauze veil cannot hide the deformities,—and Lady Morgan's taste has not been of efficient power to filter into cleanness the original pollution of her infected fountain.

With this strong impression upon our minds, we are, perhaps, prejudiced against even the clever and "talented" (most odious term!) portions of this tale. To us it appears that the affectation of courtly life and acquaintance is wretched stuff. Fashionable enjoyments are sufficiently contemptible;—the exclusion of nature, and the indulgence of whim, eccentricity, and folly, which mark the very high and their very low imitators, are bitter blots on the reign of intelligence, and sad eyesores for an "enlightened age" to witness;—but to have these things described with a gusto, as if any rational being ever cared a jot about them, is truly indicative of silliness, and offends the sense. The weakest man that ever put pen to paper would not dilate with such earnest absurdity on such rubbish of dresses, and balls, and masquerades, and all the train of frivolous impertinence and despicable vice.

It would not consist with our plan to justify these apparently harsh comments by extracts: suffice it to say, that what panegyric may call a breadth and freedom of speech in these volumes, strikes us as being occasionally impudent, often vulgar, and always indelicate and un-lady-like. The intrigue of a married woman, Lady Knocklofty, with the hero of the novel, is not only impure throughout, but seems to be introduced for no reason except its own inherent prurency: it has no consequence in the story, and produces no result for the catastrophe. Then we have anecdotes pretty generally known in Irish *convivial society*, for a little deeper cast of freedom in their original shape; and we wonder how a female in genteel society ever came to hear of them:—witness the modest travesty of the famous story of Counsellor T—ch, vol. ii. p. 79. And we have also the ladies of Ton at the vice-regal court thirty years ago, talking, exceedingly like the ladies in the Vicar of Wakefield, of being "blown upon," saying, "let us be off;" and when a countess is inclined to carry flirtation (a term of infamy in itself, and, as generally meant, leading to infamy) to its usual and natural consummation, the elegant query, "how can you be so fresh?" breathed from the lips of another Noble Woman!!

Not having had the advantage of mixing with the best society of Dublin at the period which "prepared the rebellion, and accomplished the union" (a truly Irish sort of an epoch!), we cannot pretend to determine whether Lady Morgan has drawn her full-length portraits from real persons or not. She evidently indicates, both by names and historical vrai-resemblance, that she intends A. B. and C. to be taken for well-known characters. It is, therefore, possible that, with something of the colouring of fiction, a certain number of the Hibernian dames of quality of that day deserved "to be blown upon," and would have been glad "to be off;" "fresh;" that the drawing-rooms in the Castle were scenes of a sort since distinctly imitated at the Finish; and that the language of the court was Bilinggate of a superior order. If so, 'twas a grievous fault, and grievously have the parties answered it.

Our strictures, it will, we trust, be felt, are not directed against the author of this work, but against the nature of the work itself. The very ability shewn in grouping and placing in vivid lights such a number of worthless per-

sons, aggravates the evil. A shadowy scoundrel, or a dimly-seen demirep, make little impression on the mind; but when the scoundrel and demirep are brought out, in every detail, with the full force of a striking pencil, it is impossible to contemplate them without being defiled. Lady Morgan appears to have bestowed great labour upon her task; not only ransacking old records and legends, but calling a polyglott of tongues to assist her in her illustrations. We have a complete rifacimento of languages in every third page—Latin, Irish, French, Italian, Spanish, &c. in abundance, as if the author could not express her meaning in English. We have also plenty of the Politics of a country fruitful of that noxious and choking weed, though we do not observe that the dark is rendered any lighter by the discussions.

The tale commences with some pleasant letters between the heads of the O'Briens and O'Flahertys, who all but one vanish immediately from the scene, and their descendants are brought upon the canvass. The forte of the execution lies in these Irish characters. Shane, a savage rapparee and faithful adherent, the Misses Mac Taafs, Capt. O'Mealy, the old Baron O'Brien, and others, are powerfully sketched, and help to redeem the narrative from the stain and filth of the Castle. There is also much merit in the descriptions of some of the old customs on the wild coast of Connemara; and we shall make our extracts from this portion of the publication, leaving the Dublin scenes of review, masquerade, revels, college, balls, drinking bouts, rows, United Irishmen, &c. &c., to those who may admire their very particular details.

Shane, the rapparee, had, it seems, been simply hanged one day; and when he again meets his astonished chief, Murrough O'Brien, the following occurs:—

"But how did you escape from—from St. Michael's cross?" "Och!" said Shane, cowering closer to O'Brien, "sure my moder wore the girdle, dear, and see, here it is;" (and stripping back his ragged jacket, he displayed a small leathern belt, wrought over with Irish characters,) "and when they left me in great haste, the rain falling, and the storm blowing, and I like the branch of a withered tree, Mor-ny-Brien cut me down wid her own two hands and the help of God: and she reigns in glory with Christ and his mother this day, she that bore and saved me, in nomine Patris et Filii—Amen. Shure no harm could come to me while she lived—the last of the Binieds! And she it was cut me down wid her own hands; and in the caves of Cong, with fire and water, and the sign of the cross, gave back a pulse to the heart o' me, and breath and sight; and the first word I spoke was an *ave*, and the next was a curse on the inimes of me and mine, to the ind of time. May the screech of the morn'ing be on them, soon and often!—May the evil eye open on them every day they see light!—May they never know pace nor grace in this world or the next!—May they die in a lone land, without kith or kin to close their eyes!—May they—" "Hush, dear Shane," interrupted O'Brien, more shocked and alarmed by the expression of insanity, that was gradually distorting his haggard features, than even by his wild imprecations. "Remember you have triumphed over your enemies, since you live and are here—changed, indeed, since we last met in the isles of Arran, but—" "Och, the sorrow much," said Shane, brightening up, "only in regard of the glib, and coolan, and cannal;" and he stroked back his long, matted



locks from his visage, and roughed the stiff tufts which bristled upon his upper lip; 'and that's to hide me from th' inimy, since I comed here. For the heart o' me was in the place, and would rather be famished at home nor feasted far away; and be hanged in the midst of my people, nor have the stranger close poor Shane's eyes in a foreign land.'

The most characteristic chapters in the book, however, are those which relate to Murrough's (alias Lord Arranmore's) visit to his relatives, the ancient Misses Mac Taafs, of Bog-Moy house, whom he finds in a "bog quite convenient." "A 'meering' of loose stones marked the separation of this favourite bit of bog from the turlough through which its red veins ran. Upon this meering Lord Arranmore leaned for a moment, to contemplate the singular scene and well-remembered persons before him. The Miss Mac Taafs were both on the ground, and both standing enough in profile, to give him a full and perfect view of their figure, without being seen by them. His first opinion was, that they were utterly unchanged; and that like the dried specimens of natural history, they had bidden defiance to time. Tall, stately, and erect, their weather-beaten countenance and strongly marked features were neither faden nor fallen in. The deep red hue of a frosty and vigorous senility still coloured their unwrinkled faces. Their hair, well powdered and pomatumed, was drawn up by the roots from their high foreheads, over their lofty 'systems'; and their long, lank necks rose like towers above their projecting busts; which, with their straight, sticky, tight-laced waists, terminating in the artificial rotundity of a half-dress bell-hoop, gave them the proportions of an hour-glass. They wore gray camel riding habits, with large black Birmingham buttons (to mark the slight mourning for their deceased brother-in-law); while petticoats, fastened as pins did or did not their office, showed more of the quilted marseilles and stuff beneath, than the precision of the toilet required: both of which, from their contact with the water of the bog, merited the epithet of 'Slappersallagh,' bestowed on their wearers by Terence O'Brien. Their habit-shirts, chitterlings, and cravats, though trimmed with Trawlee lace, seemed by their colour to evince that yellow starch, put out of fashion by the ruff of the murderous Mrs. Turner in England, was still to be had in Ireland. Their large broad silver watches, pendant from their girdles by many steel chains, shewed that their owners took as little account of time as time had taken of them. 'Worn for show, not use,' they were still without those hands, which it had been in the contemplation of the Miss Mac Taafs to have replaced by the first opportunity, for the last five years. High-crowned black-beaver hats, with two stiff, upright, black feathers, that seemed to bridle like their wearers, and a large buckle and band, completed the costume of these venerable specimens of human architecture: the *tout ensemble* recalling to the nephew the very figures and dresses which had struck him with admiration and awe when first brought in from the Isles of Arran by his foster mother, to pay his duty to his aunts, and ask their blessing, eighteen years before. The Miss Mac Taafs, in their sixty-first year, (for they were twins,) might have sunk with safety ten or twelve years of their age. Their minds and persons were composed of that fibre which constitutes nature's veriest huckaback. Impressions fell lightly on both; and years and feelings alike left them unworn

and uninjured. The eldest Miss Taaf,—the eldest but by an hour,—the representative of the Green Knights and Barons of Ballyalattery, who stood erect, with her right hand leaning on a walking-cane umbrella, was laying down the law in a loud oracular voice, sometimes in Irish, sometimes in English, to an old man, who stood bare-headed and footed before her. Her directions, though evidently 'the law and the gospel,' were strengthened by an occasional reference to a person, who sat on a clump of turf, with pen and paper in hand, and an ink-horn at his button-hole; such as, 'and here James Kelly will tell you the same, Dan Hogan; and you know we consider James Kelly as the sense-keeper of Bog Moy;' to which assertion James Kelly, by a confirmatory nod of the head, fully assented. While Miss Mac Taaf and her premier were thus engaged in the legislative department, Miss Monica was busily employed in the executive. She stood a little in advance, her back supported against a turf-clump. Paddy Whack was seated beside her on his hinder legs, and was looking into her face, watching for the stick which she occasionally threw into the water, 'to keep the baste quiet.' She was, however, then occupied in counting the kishes of turf wheeled off, and receiving a tally from each driver as he passed, which she strung upon a cord. Sometimes chiding, sometimes praising, frequently soliciting, and always interfering, she kept up a constant fire of words, which were answered with more respect than coherency, by the rustic interlocutors. 'Thady Flaherty, it's what I hear, your bracket cow calved last week, and your woman never sent up a drop of the strippings to the great house?' 'Och! then she won't be so, Marram, I'll ippage, God bless you, Miss Monica.' 'Drop that chip of bog wood now, Jemmeen Joyce; is it to stale the timber, ye were let to come and help your daddy on the bog?' 'Onor ny Costello, where's the tribute hose ye were knitting for me, in lieu of the ducks?' 'What is it ye are grubbing up there, instead of clamping the sods?' 'Shew it here now: is it another copper Shamus?' 'No, plaze your honour, Miss Monica Marram; it's an auld horse-shoe, the great luck!' 'Well, if it's only an old neile, I have often told you, that, as ladies of the manor, we have right and title to every screed found on the Fassagh. Take it up to the great house, Onor ny Costello.' Thus occupied during some hours, they were on the point of breaking up their council, as the sun in its course announced the hour which gathered the cotters to their mid-day meal of potatoes and milk at the great house, when a little gassoon ran up to Miss Mac Taaf, and presented her a slip of paper, on which was written, 'A stranger claims *connagh* and *meales* of the ladies of Bog Moy, after the old fashion of Irish hospitality.'

This is Murrough, who is most hospitably received.

"Sheagans and shovels were suspended; barrows stood still, and ears and eyes, all opened to their fullest extent, soon conveyed to the gossiping followers of the Mac Taafs the welcome news, that the mistress's nephew, the heir of Bog Moy, and Clan Tieg O'Brien of the Isles, had arrived among them, by the style and title (soon announced) of Lord Arranmore. Caubeens and barrads were now flung in the air, the '*chree*' of the Mac Taafs was raised by the men, taken up by the women, and sent back by the boys; and was followed by the burden of an old Irish song, that always comes so readily to Irish lips:

'Welcome, heartily,  
Welcome, Grammachree;  
Welcome, heartily,  
Welcome, joy.'

"A half holiday was now asked for and granted, and an half cruise was voluntarily promised; and these modern representatives of the old Irish clans, showering blessings on the party, which now together quitted the bog for the bawn, were left to enjoy the hope of idleness and poteen, the only enjoyments and luxuries with which they were acquainted."

An entertainment is given called the *Jug Day*, to which the "country round" is asked, and at which a pipe of claret, sent from Bordeaux by their cousins French and Co., is broached. The account of this fête is very spirited, and pleases us more than any other part; and we shall conclude by transferring as much as we can of it to our columns.

"No vulgar bustle, no flutter of hope or fear, no vague apprehension of who would or would not accept the invitation, disturbed the habitual staidness of the Miss Mac Taafs. Nothing of that horrible anxiety which clouds the gaieties of the demi-ton of more refined society, lest the great should stay away, and the little come, ruffled their equanimity. Each lady, sailing about with her hands dropped into the depths of her capacious pockets, gave orders for certain 'cuttings and cosherings' on the county, which were always exacted upon such occasions. Tributary poultry and tributary fish came teeming in from tenants on sea and land, in kreels and kishes, with guizzard-trout from Lough Corrib, butchers' meat from St. Grellan, and whisky from every still in the Barony. Linen was drawn forth from chests and coffers, which, for colour and antiquity, resembled the *linge du Sorbonne*, quoted by Menage; and moulds were prepared by the indefatigable Grannie-ny-Joyce, which might have come within the meaning of the by-laws of the town, directed against 'candelles which give ne light ne sight.' Cadgers came crowding to the back way, and beggars to the bawn. Pipers and harpers assembled from all parts: and the pipe of claret, in honour of which the feast was given, and which occupied the withdrawing-room, that had long served the purposes of a cellar, was crowned with green branches, and raised on a lofty tier within view of the guests: the silver tankard of the Brigadier was placed beside it. As 'the Jug Day' intimated an invitation of twenty-four hours at least, no particular time was fixed upon for the dinner: and the guests, well aware that they could not come too early nor remain too late, poured in, as their own convenience, distance of residence, or previous occupations, dictated."

"As the fallen roof of 'th'ould withdrawing-room' had not been restored,—as the floor of the new withdrawing-room (now the cellar) had never been laid down,—as the dining-room was strictly appropriated on the Jug Day to its proper purpose, and was scaffolded round with tables somewhat precariously, but rather picturesquely placed, in what Miss Mac Taaf called 'horse-shoe fashion,'—the best bedroom, which opened into the dining-room, was constituted a *salon de réception* for the time being,—an expedient often resorted to in the remote parts of Ireland, in days not very long gone by. As this room, which was literally on a ground-floor, was rarely inhabited, its damp and fusty atmosphere required a fire to render it endurable, even in summer: and the swallows of Bog Moy, not contented with the chimneys of the brigadier's tower, had made so considerable a lodgment in that of the room in question,



that more smoke was sent back than emitted through its channel. When, therefore, Lord Arranmore opened the door, on making his first appearance, a sudden gush of smoke rushed down into the chamber, and scattered the ashes in such dark thick clouds, that he could see nothing distinctly, but that the room was crowded to suffocation. 'Weary on the smoke,' said Miss Mac Taaf, making a motion with one hand to waft aside its vapours, and holding out the other to her nephew to lead him forward, and present him in form to the company. While struggling with her temper, she muttered in his ear, 'This is pretty behaviour, Murrough O'Brien; and the party made on purpose to introduce you to the old families. Well, never mind now, but *foghat foh*, as your father used to say.' Then stepping forward majestically, she presented 'her nephew, Lord Arranmore,' separately to each guest, male and female, to the third and fourth generation; evidently vain of the high-sounding title and splendid personal appearance of the young relation, for whom she was reserving such a lecture, as she conceived his dependence, and her own authority over him, entitled her to pronounce.

"O'Brien was permitted to lead out the Dowager Lady O'Flaherty, one of those noble representatives of Irish beauty and of Irish gentility, which, down to the close of the last century, were to be found in the remote provinces of Ireland; and who, in their courtly manners and stately habits, preserved the dignified graces of the Irish court of those days, when the O'monroes and Tyrconnells presided over its almost regal drawing-rooms. Supported by an high gold-headed cane, on one side, and on the other, by the arm of Lord Arranmore, this venerable subject of many of Carolan's inspirations, moved slowly on, followed by the O'Mahillies of Achille, and Clare Island, the Joyces of Joyce's country, and others of the great aboriginal families of Connemara and Mayo. Then came the Darcys, the Dalys, the Skirrets, and the Frenches, with the Burkes, Blakes, Bells, and Bodkins, and all that filled up the list of tribes and half tribes of Galway of those who could and those who could not claim cousinship. The protestant clergyman of the parish of Bog Moy (a parish without a congregation) bowed out Father Festus, the priest of a congregation without a church, and the provost of St. Gerellan gave the *pas* to the Mayor of Galway. Sixty persons to be seated, where there was not comfortable accommodation for half the number, required no little pains and ingenuity; and the horse-shoe table would have been very inadequate to the wants of the guests, but for the never-failing aid of the sideboard, side-tables, and window stools, which with a 'plate on the knee,' and a 'bit in the corner,' at last providing for all. After much crushing, squeezing, and laughing (all in the most perfect good humour and courtesy), the whole company were finally seated. Lord Arranmore, at the head of the centre table, between his elder aunt and the Dowager Lady O'Flaherty, presided as the representative of the late brigadier; while Miss Mahle, supported by a Joyce, and a Blake, did the honours at the further extremity. Grace being said by the minister of the established church (while the Roman Catholic guests cast down their eyes, moved their lips, and crossed themselves under the table-cloth, with a bashful and prescribed look).—Miss Mac Taaf stood up, and with a cordial welcome in her eye, said aloud, 'Much good may it do you all;' to which all bowed their heads. A rush of attendants, of all sorts and sizes, ages

and ranks, including the servants of the guests, liveried and unliveried,—and the striking up of the pipes and harp (the performers being ceremoniously seated at a table, on which wine and glasses were placed), on the outside of the door, announced that the 'hour of attack' had arrived; and never did a more hospitable board offer to appetites, sharpened by sea and mountain air, a more abundant feast. No expected *relevé* (except such as were necessary to supply the place of the vanished contents of some favourite dish) kept the appetites of the *gustateurs* in suspense. Rounds of beef were the *pieces de résistance*, which none resisted. Haunches of venison and legs of mutton were *entrées* and *entremets*, that required no substitution. Pastry and poultry formed the *hors d'œuvres*; and a dormant of a creel of potatoes and a bowl of fresh butter, left no wish for more brilliant or less substantial fare: while a vacant place was left for the soup, which was always served last. Jorums of punch were stationed round the capacious hearth; port and sherry were ranged along the tables; and the door opening into the with-drawing-room disclosed to view the cask of claret, the idol, to which such sacrifices were to be made, on altars so well attended and so devoutly served. The brigadier's tankard, brightened for the occasion by James Kelly, was now filled to the brim with 'the regal, purple stream,' and placed before Lord Arranmore: and before the palate was blunted by the coarser contact of port or punch, the new tap was tasted. The flavour, body, and odour, were universally approved, in terms worthy of the *convives du grand de la Reynière*; and it required no skill in augury to divine, that the claret would be out before the company. All were now occupied with eating, drinking, talking, laughing, helping and being helped; while old-fashioned breeding disposed every guest to be cordially at the service of his neighbour:—'Allow me to trouble you for a slice of your round, rather rare?' was answered by, 'Sir, the trouble's a pleasure.' 'Give me leave to call on you for a cut of your haunch, when you are at leisure,' was replied to, affirmatively, with 'the honour of a glass of wine;' and a cross fire of 'Miss Joyce, shall we make up that little quarrel we had?'—'Port, if you please, sir'—'Hand me the tankard'—'James Kelly, tell Miss Prudence Costello, I shall be happy to hob-and-nob with her, if she is not better engaged,' &c. &c., continued without intermission; and exhibited a courtesy, which not long ago prevailed in the highest circles;—a courtesy which, however quaintly expressed, was well worth the cold and formal reserve of what is now considered refinement, in the school of modern egotism. Meantime, Lord Arranmore, prompted by his aunt, and nudged by James Kelly 'to press the bashful stranger to his food,' did the honours to a circle in which bashfulness was certainly not a distinguishing characteristic."

The feast is broken in upon by the impudent ladies of the Proudport family, &c. &c.; and as we have nothing to do with these, we gladly make our bow and retire.

#### Chronicles of the Canongate.

(Second notice: conclusion.)

THE story of the *Highland Widow* purports to have been received by our new and esteemed friend, Chrystal Croftangry (Chronicle of the Canongate for, we hope, many years to come), from Mrs. Balthusethune, an ancient lady of high family, old manners, and his acquaintance. Nothing more finished and perfect was (per-

haps) ever executed by the pencil of Sir Walter Scott than his picture of this dame and her establishment. Many a picture on canvass will yet be made of it: but we must skip even the pen and ink drawing.

The *Highland Widow* is a narrative of great interest and excitement, and not the less so on account of the reader's very soon anticipating the catastrophe, though, of course, it is impossible to foresee its particular circumstances. We will not injure its effect by any close details. The scene is laid in the Highlands some forty or fifty years ago, when Mrs. Bethune, travelling with a postilion of "noticeable" qualities (Donald Mac Leish), sees, in a wild pass with a wild waterfall, near Lochawe, a ruined hut, a scathed oak, and a wretched woman, more desolate than the spot, more forlorn than the dwelling, and more blighted than the tree. This is the Highland widow, Elspat Mac Tavish. Her husband had been a Rob Roy, in a lesser degree; and she a perfect cateran, sharing and exulting in all his perils and plunderings. At last (for such lives do not wear long, or, to use the existence-loving phrase of the snug worldling, are not *blessed* with length of years), the freebooter is slain in unequal conflict with the military, (on this side of the forty-five,) and his widow and infant son Hamish hardly escape. Taking refuge in the fastnesses and solitude of the soul-inspiring mountain-regions of the north, the boy grows to manhood with some knowledge of the actual state of society; while his mother seems to be unconscious of any change, and still cherishes her early notions of lawless liberty, and Celtic right to take what was wanted. The difference of opinion thus engendered leads to Hamish's ultimate evasion of his rude home and fierce though fond parent.

"The prudence that might have weighed the slender means which the times afforded for resisting the efforts of a combined government, which had, in its less compact and established authority, been unable to put down the ravages of such lawless caterans as Mac Tavish Mhor, was unknown to a solitary woman, whose idea still dwelt upon her own early times. She imagined that her son had only to proclaim himself his father's successor in adventure and enterprise, and that a force of men as gallant as those who had followed his father's banner, would crowd around to support it when again displayed. To her, Hamish was the eagle who had only to soar aloft and resume his native place in the skies, without her being able to comprehend how many additional eyes would have watched his flight, how many additional bullets would have been directed at his bosom. To be brief, Elspat was one who viewed the present state of society with the same feelings with which she regarded the times that had passed away. She had been indigent, neglected, oppressed, since the days that her husband had no longer been feared and powerful, and she thought that the term of her ascendance would return when her son had determined to play the part of his father. If she permitted her eye to glance farther on futurity, it was but to anticipate that she must be for many a day cold in the grave, with the coronach of her tribe cried duly over her, before her fair-haired Hamish could, according to her calculation, die with his hand on the basket-hilt of the red claymore. His father's hair was gray, ere, after a hundred dangers, he had fallen with his arms in his hands. That she should have seen and survived the sight, was a natural consequence of the manners of that age. And better it was—such was her proud thought—that she

had seen him so die, than to have witnessed his departure from life in a smoky hovel, on a bed of rotten straw, like an over-worn hound, or a bullock which died of disease. But the hour of her young, her brave Hamish, was yet far distant. He must succeed—he must conquer, like his father: and when he fell at length—for she anticipated for him no bloodless death,—Elspat would ere then have lain long in the grave, and could neither see his death-struggle, nor mourn over his grave-sod. With such wild notions working in her brain, the spirit of Elspat rose to its usual pitch, or rather to one which seemed higher. In the emphatic language of Scripture, which in that idiom does not greatly differ from her own, she arose, she washed and changed her apparel, and ate bread, and was refreshed. She longed eagerly for the return of her son, but she now longed not with the bitter anxiety of doubt and apprehension. She said to herself, that much must be done ere he could in these times arise to be an eminent and dreaded leader. Yet when she saw him again, she almost expected him at the head of a daring band, with pipes playing, and banners flying, the noble tartans fluttering free in the wind, in despite of the laws which had suppressed, under severe penalties, the use of the national garb, and all the appurtenances of Highland chivalry."

Meanwhile, the object of her solicitude had enlisted, (the phrase is, however, too mean for that species of engagement)—had joined the Highland Watch, since the gallant forty-second regiment; and at the time of its formation, a corps of so peculiar a character as to have no parallel in British history. Obtaining leave of absence for a week, he returns to acquaint his mother with what he has done, provide for her maintenance, and take his leave. Part of their conversation runs thus: Hamish says,—"I do not repent my engagement, unless that it must make me leave you soon." "Leave me! how leave me? Silly boy, think you I know not what duty belongs to the wife or mother of a daring man? Thou art but a boy yet; and when thy father had been the dread of the country for twenty years, he did not despise my company and assistance; but often said my help was worth that of two strong gillies." "It is not on that score, mother; but since I must leave the country—" "Leave the country!" replied his mother, interrupting him; "and think you that I am like a bush, that is rooted to the soil where it grows; and must die if carried elsewhere? I have breathed other winds than these of Ben Cruachan—I have followed your father to the wilds of Ross, and the impenetrable deserts of X Mac Y Mhor—Tush, man, my limbs, old as they are, will bear me as far as your young feet can trace the way." "Alas! mother," said the young man, with a faltering accent, "but to cross the sea—" "The sea! who am I that I should fear the sea? Have I never been in a birling in my life—never known the Sound of Mull, the Isles of Treshornish, and the rough rocks of Harris?" "Alas! mother, I go far, far from all of these—I am enlisted in one of the new regiments, and we go against the French in America." "Enlisted!" uttered the astonished mother—"against my will—without my consent;—you could not—you would not;—then rising up, and assuming a posture of almost imperial command, "Hamish, you dared not!" "Despair, mother, dares every thing," answered Hamish, in a tone of melancholy resolution. "What should I do here, where I can scarce get bread for myself and you, and when the times are growing daily worse? Would you but sit down and listen, I would convince

you I have acted for the best." With a bitter smile Elspat sat down, and the same severe ironical expression was on her features, as, with her lips firmly closed, she listened to his vindication. Hamish went on, without being disconcerted by her expected displeasure. "When I left you, dearest mother, it was to go to Mac Phadrack's house; for although I know he is crafty and worldly, after the fashion of the Sassenach, yet he is wise, and I thought how he would teach me, as it would cost him nothing, in which way I could mend our estate in the world." "Our estate in the world!" said Elspat, losing patience at the word; "and went you to a base fellow with a soul no better than that of a cowherd, to ask counsel about your conduct? Your father asked none, save at his courage and his sword." "Dearest mother," answered Hamish, "how shall I convince you that you live in this land of our fathers as if our fathers were yet living? You walk as it were in a dream, surrounded by the phantoms of those who have been long with the dead. When my father lived and fought, the great respected the Man of the strong right hand, and the rich feared him. He had protection from Mac Allan Mhor, and from Calerfae, and tribute from meaner men. That is ended; and his son would only earn a disgraceful and unpitied death, by the practices which gave his father credit and power among those who wear the breacan. The land is conquered—its lights are quenched.—Glenary, Lochiel, Perth, Lord Lewis, all the high chiefs are dead or in exile—we may mourn for it, but we cannot help it. Bonnet, broadsword, and sporan—power, strength, and wealth, were all lost on Drummosie-muir." "It is false!" said Elspat, fiercely; "you, and such like dastardly spirits, are quelled by your own faint hearts, not by the strength of the enemy: you are like the fearful water-fowl, to whom the least cloud in the sky seems the shadow of the eagle." "Mother," said Hamish, proudly, "lay not faint heart to my charge. I go where men are wanted who have strong arms and bold hearts too. I leave a desert, for a land where I may gather fame." "

By infusing a sleepy potion into his parting quich, or cup, the miserable mother causes her son to break his word to his captain, out-stay his furlough, and subject himself to disgraceful punishment as a deserter. A forewarning vision of his father impresses a deep interest on this part of the story; but we must not be too covetous of its details;—and proceed to the finale. When Hamish awakes, too late, from his stupor, in vain is the attempt to soothe him.

"I have lost all, mother," replied Hamish, "since I have broken my word, and lost my honour—I might tell my tale, but who, oh, who would believe me? The unfortunate young man again clasped his hands together, and, pressing them to his forehead, hid his face upon the bed. Elspat was now really alarmed, and perhaps wished the fatal deceit had been left unattempted. She had no hope or refuge saving in the eloquence of persuasion, of which she possessed no small share, though her total ignorance of the world as it actually existed, rendered its energy unavailing. She urged her son, by every tender epithet which a parent could bestow, to take care for his own safety. "Leave me," she said, "to baffle your pursuers. I will save your life—I will save your honour—I will tell them that my fair-haired Hamish fell from the Corrie Dhu (black precipice) into the gulf, of which human eye never beheld the bottom. I will tell them this, and I will fling your plaid on the thorns which grow on the

brink of the precipice, that they may believe my words. They will believe, and they will return to the Dun of the double-crest; for though the Saxon drum can call the living to die, it cannot recall the dead to their slavish standard. Then will we travel together far northward to the salt lakes of Kintail; and place glens and mountains betwixt us and the sons of Dermid. We will visit the shores of the dark lake, and my kinsmen—(for was not my mother of the children of Kenneth, and will they not remember us with the old love?)—my kinsmen will receive us with the affection of the old time, which lives in those distant glens, where the Gael still dwell in their nobleness, unmingled with the churl Saxons, or with the base brood that are their tools and their slaves." The energy of the language, somewhat allied to hyperbole, even in its most ordinary expressions, now seemed almost too weak to afford Elspat the means of bringing out the splendid picture which she presented to her son of the land in which she proposed to him to take refuge. Yet the colours were few with which she could paint her Highland paradise. "The hills," she said, "were higher and more magnificent than those of Breadalbane—Ben-Cruachan was but a dwarf to Skoosroers. The lakes were broader and larger, and abounded not only with fish, but with the enchanted and amphibious animal which gives oil to the lamp. The deer were larger and more numerous—the white-tusked boar, the chase of which the brave loved best, was yet to be roused in these western solitudes—the men were nobler, wiser, and stronger, than the degenerate brood who lived under the Saxon banner." The daughters of the land were beautiful, with blue eyes and fair hair, and bosoms of snow, and out of these she would choose a wife for Hamish, of blameless descent, spotless fame, fixed and true affection, who should be in their summer both as a beam of the sun, and in their winter abide as the warmth of the needful fire." Such were the topics with which Elspat strove to soothe the despair of her son, and to determine him, if possible, to leave the fatal spot, on which he seemed resolved to linger. The style of her rhetoric was poetical, but in other respects resembled that which, like other fond mothers, she had lavished on Hamish while a child or a boy, in order to gain his consent to do something he had no mind to; and she spoke louder, quicker, and more earnestly, in proportion as she began to despair of her words carrying conviction. On the mind of Hamish her eloquence made no impression."

She rushes out, and amid darkness and the dangers of the torrent and precipice, courts self-destruction; but at length returns to the hut, where Hamish, yet under the influence of the drugs, has relapsed into a second slumber.

"His mother was scarcely sure that she actually discerned his form on the bed, scarce certain that her ear caught the sound of his breathing. With a throbbing heart, Elspat went to the fire-place in the centre of the hut, where slumbered, covered with a piece of turf, the glimmering embers of the fire, never extinguished on a Scottish hearth until the indweller leaves the mansion for ever. "Feeble greishogh," she said, as she lighted, by the help of a match, a splinter of bog pine which was to serve the place of a candle; "weak greishogh, soon shalt thou be put out for ever; and may Heaven grant that the life of Elspat Mac Tavish have no longer duration than thine!" While she spoke she raised the blazing light towards the bed, on which still lay the prostrate limbs of her son, in a posture that left it

doubtful whether he slept or swooned. As she advanced towards him, the light flashed upon his eyes—he started up in an instant, made a stride forward with his naked dirk in his hand, like a man armed to meet a mortal enemy, and exclaimed, ‘Stand off!—on thy life, stand off!’ ‘It is the word and the action of my husband,’ answered Elspat; ‘and I know by his speech and his step the son of Mac Tavish Mhor.’ ‘Mother,’ said Hamish, relapsing from his time of desperate firmness into one of melancholy expostulation; ‘oh, dearest mother, wherefore have you returned hither?’ ‘Ask why the hind comes back to the fawn,’ said Elspat; ‘why the cat of the mountain returns to her lodge and her young. Know you, Hamish, that the heart of the mother only lives in the bosom of the child.’ ‘Then will it soon cease to throb,’ said Hamish, ‘unless it can beat within a bosom that lies beneath the turf. Mother, do not blame me; if I weep, it is not for myself, but for you, for my sufferings will soon be over; but yours—O, who but Heaven shall set a boundary to them!’ Elspat shuddered and stepped backward, but almost instantly resumed her firm and upright position, and her dauntless bearing. ‘I thought thou wert a man, but even now,’ she said, ‘and thou art again a child. Harken to me yet, and let us leave this place together. Have I done thee wrong, or injury? if so, yet do not avenge it so cruelly—see, Elspat Mac Tavish, who never kneeled before even to a priest, falls prostrate before her own son, and craves his forgiveness.’ And at once she threw herself on her knees before the young man, seized on his hand, and kissing it an hundred times, repeated as often, in heart-breaking accents, the most earnest entreaties for forgiveness. ‘Pardon,’ she exclaimed, ‘pardon, for the sake of your father’s ashes—pardon, for the sake of the pain with which I bore thee, the care with which I nurtured thee!—Hear it, Heaven, and behold it, Earth—the mother asks pardon of her child, and she is refused!’ It was in vain that Hamish endeavoured to stem this tide of passion, by assuring his mother, with the most solemn asseverations, that he forgave entirely the fatal deceit which she had practised upon him. ‘Empty words,’ she said; ‘idle protestations, which are but used to hide the obduracy of your resentment. Would you have me believe you, then, leave the hut this instant, and retire from a country which every hour renders more dangerous. Do this, and I may think you have forgiven me: refuse it, and again I call on moon and stars, heaven and earth, to witness the unrelenting resentment with which you prosecute your mother for a fault, which, if it be one, arose out of love to you.’ ‘Mother,’ said Hamish, ‘on this subject you move me not. I will fly before no man. If Barcaldine should send every Gael that is under his banner, here, and in this place, will I abide them; and when you bid me fly, you may as well command yonder mountain to be loosened from its foundations. Had I been sure of the road by which they are coming hither, I had spared them the pains of seeking me; but I might go by the mountain, while they perchance came by the lake. Here I will abide my fate; nor is there in Scotland a voice of power enough to bid me stir from hence, and be obeyed.’ ‘Here, then, I also stay,’ said Elspat, rising up and speaking with assumed composure. ‘I have seen my husband’s death—my eyelids shall not grieve to look on the fall of my son. But Mac Tavish Mhor died as became the brave, with his good sword in his right hand: my son will perish

like the bullock that is driven to the shambles by the Saxon owner who has bought him for a price.’ ‘Mother,’ said the unhappy young man, ‘you have taken my life; to that you have a right, for you gave it: but touch not my honour! It came to me from a brave strain of ancestors, and should be sullied neither by man’s deed nor woman’s speech.’

The next morning and forenoon in the bothy are admirably painted: an hour later, Hamish is watching, like a sentinel, the opposite hill, ‘when his mother, standing beside him, laid her hand on his shoulder, and said, in a tone indifferent, as if she had been talking of some friendly visit, ‘When dost thou expect them?’ ‘They cannot be here till the shadows fall long to the eastward,’ replied Hamish; ‘that is, even supposing the nearest party, commanded by Sergeant Allan Breack Cameron, has been commanded hither by express from Dumbarton, as it is most likely they will.’ ‘Then enter beneath your mother’s roof once more; partake the last time of the food which she has prepared; after this let them come, and thou shalt see if thy mother is an useless encumbrance in the day of strife. Thy hand, practised as it is, cannot fire these arms so fast as I can load them; nay, if it is necessary, I do not myself fear the flash or the report; and my aim has been held fatal.’ ‘In the name of Heaven, mother, meddle not with this matter!’ said Hamish.”

Cameron does come, and from a misunderstanding is shot dead by Hamish, who is conveyed prisoner to Dumbarton, tried immediately, and executed within a few hours. The whole is described in the most vivid and affecting manner. Mr. Michael Tyrie, the clergyman who had done him the last kind Christian offices, is returning homewards, when he is met by the now childless cateran. We pass the earlier colloquy.

“Elspat Mac Tavish (he says), I grieve to tell you the news. ‘I know them without thy speech,’ said the unhappy woman—‘my son is doomed to die.’ ‘Elspat,’ resumed the clergyman, ‘he was doomed, and the sentence has been executed.’ The hapless mother threw her eyes up to heaven, and uttered a shriek so unlike the voice of a human being, that the eagle which soared in middle air answered it as she would have done the call of her mate. ‘It is impossible!’ she exclaimed, ‘it is impossible! Men do not condemn and kill on the same day! Thou art deceiving me. The people call thee holy—hast thou the heart to tell a mother she has murdered her only child?’ ‘God knows,’ said the priest, the tears falling fast from his eyes, ‘that, were it in my power, I would gladly tell better tidings—but these which I bear are as certain as they are fatal—my own ears heard the death-shot, my own eyes beheld thy son’s death—thy son’s funeral—My tongue bears witness to what my ears heard and my eyes saw.’ The wretched female clasped her hands close together, and held them up towards heaven like a sibyl announcing war and desolation, while, in impotent yet frightful rage, she poured forth a tide of the deepest imprecations. ‘Base Saxon churl!’ she exclaimed, ‘vile hypocritical juggler! May the eyes that looked tamely on the death of my fair-haired boy be melted in their sockets with ceaseless tears, shed for those that are nearest and most dear to thee! May the ears that heard his death-knell be dead hereafter to all other sounds save the screech of the raven, and the hissing of the adder! May the tongue that tells me of his death and of my own crime, be withered

in thy mouth—or better, when thou wouldst pray with thy people, may the Evil One guide it, and give voice to blasphemies instead of blessings, until men shall fly in terror from thy presence, and the thunder of heaven be launched against thy head, and stop for ever thy cursing and accursed voice! Begone! with this malison—Elspat will never, never again bestow so many words upon living man.’ She kept her word—from that day the world was to her a wilderness, in which she remained without thought, care, or interest, absorbed in her own grief, indifferent to every thing else. With her mode of life, or rather of existence, the reader is already as far acquainted as I have the power of making him. Of her death, I can tell him nothing. Every attempt to place any person in her hut to take charge of her miscarried, through the extreme resentment with which she regarded all intrusion on her solitude, or by the timidity of those who had been pitched upon to be inmates with the terrible woman of the Tree. At length, when Elspat became totally unable (in appearance at least) to turn herself on the wretched settle which served her for a couch, the humanity of Mr. Tyrie’s successor sent two women to attend upon the last moments of the solitary, which could not, it was judged, be far distant, and to avert the shocking possibility that she might perish for want of assistance or food, before she sunk under the effects of extreme age, or mortal malady. It was on a November evening, that the two women appointed for this melancholy purpose arrived at the miserable cottage which we have already described. Its wretched inmate lay stretched upon the bed, and seemed almost already a lifeless corpse, save for the wandering of the fierce dark eyes, which rolled in their sockets in a manner terrible to look upon, and seemed to watch with surprise and indignation the motions of the strangers, as persons whose presence was alike unexpected and unwelcome. They were frightened at her looks; but, assured in each other’s company, they kindled a fire, lighted a candle, prepared food, and made other arrangements for the discharge of the duty assigned them. The assistants agreed they should watch the bedside of the sick person by turns; but, about midnight, overcome by fatigue, (for they had walked far that morning,) both of them fell fast asleep. When they awoke, which was not till after the interval of some hours, the hut was empty, and the patient gone. They rose in terror, and went to the door of the cottage, which was latched as it had been at night. They looked out into the darkness, and called upon their charge by her name. The night-raven screamed from the old oak tree, the fox howled on the hill, the hoarse waterfall replied with its echoes,—but there was no human answer. The terrified women did not dare to make farther search till morning should appear; for the sudden disappearance of a creature so frail as Elspat, together with the wild tenor of her history, intimidated them from stirring from the hut. They remained, therefore, in dreadful terror, sometimes thinking they heard her voice without, and at other times, that sounds of a different description were mingled with the mournful sigh of the night-breeze, or the dash of the cascade. Sometimes, too, the latch rattled, as if some frail and impotent hand were in vain attempting to lift it; and ever and anon they expected the entrance of their terrible patient, animated by supernatural strength, and in the company, perhaps, of some being more dreadful than herself.



Morning came at length. They sought brake, rock, and thicket, in vain. Two hours after daylight, the minister himself appeared, and on the report of the watchers, caused the country to be alarmed, and a general and exact search to be made through the whole neighbourhood of the cottage, and the oak tree. But it was all in vain. Elspat Mac Tavish was never found, whether dead or alive; nor could there ever be traced the slightest circumstance to indicate her fate."

This very striking tale, one of the most impressive which the author ever penned, is followed by the Two Drovers, an interesting story, though of an inferior order.

The second volume contains a brief continuation of the doings of Chrystal Croftangry (about thirty pages), and the last tale, the Surgeon's Daughter. No where do we find the writer more happy than he is in all that relates to his assumed part of the Chronicler; he seems to have transfused himself into this new and original personage. He paints his anxieties of authorship as if this were really his *début*; and there is a playfulness in the whole which is very charming. His MS. is ready, and he tells us, with the *naïveté* of a neophyte:

"Frankly, I was ashamed to feel how childishly I felt on the occasion. No person could have said prettier things than myself upon the importance of stoicism concerning the opinion of others, when their applause or censure refers to literary character only; and I had determined to lay my work before the public with the same unconcern with which the ostrich lays her eggs in the sand, giving herself no farther trouble concerning the incubation, but leaving to the atmosphere to bring forth the young, or otherwise, as the climate shall serve. But though an ostrich in theory, I became in practice a poor hen, who has no sponser made her deposit, but she runs cackling about, to call the attention of every one to the wonderful work which she has performed. As soon as I became possessed of my first volume, neatly stitched up and boarded, my sense of the necessity of communicating with some one became ungovernable."

Janet McEvoy will listen to him no longer; and, in the paucity of his intimates, he is compelled to throw himself on the opinion of Mr. Fair-scribe, a genuine dry, parliament-lawyer, unacquainted with every thing in the world except legal business. That Gent. keeps the voolume for a week, while the impatient author burns for his judgment. At length he procures an appointment, and goes an hour before the time. "I was (he says) at the door precisely as it struck four. The dinner hour, indeed, was five punctually; but what did I know but my friend might wait half an hour's conversation with me before that time? I was ushered into an empty drawing-room, and, from a needle-book and work-basket, hastily abandoned, I had some reason to think I interrupted my little friend Miss Katie in some domestic labour more praiseworthy than elegant. In this critical age, filial piety must hide herself in a closet, if she has a mind to dare her father's linen. Shortly after, I was the more fully convinced that I had been too early an intruder, when a wench came to fetch away the basket, and recommend to my courtesies a red and green gentleman in a cage, who answered all my advances by croaking out, 'You're a fool—you're a fool, I tell you!' until, upon my word, I began to think the creature was in the right. At last my friend arrived, a little overheated. He had been

taking a turn at golf, to prepare him for 'colloquy sublime.' And wherefore not? since the game, with its variety of odds, lengths, bunkers, tee'd balls, and so on, may be no inadequate representation of the hazards attending literary pursuits. In particular, those formidable buffets which make one ball spin through the air like a rifle shot, and strike another down into the very earth, it is placed upon, by the maladroitness or the malicious purpose of the player—what are they but parallels to the favourable or depreciating notices of the reviewers, who play at golf with the publications of the season, even as Altisidora, in her approach to the gates of the infernal regions, saw the devils playing at racket with the new books of Cervantes' days? Well, every hour has its end."

Fair-scribe's criticisms, when they do come, are exquisite, and the humour of Sir Walter remarking on his own performances, by putting the observations into the mouth of another, heightens the effect to the utmost. He points out many inaccuracies; and the dialogue proceeds: "Well, well, I own my fault; but, setting apart these casual errors, how do you like the matter and the manner of what I have been writing, Mr. Fair-scribe?" "Why," said my friend, pausing, with more grave and important hesitation than I thanked him for, "there is not much to be said against the manner. The style is terse and intelligible. Mr. Croftangry, very intelligible; and that I consider as the first point in every thing that is intended to be understood. There are, indeed, here and there some flights and fancies, which I comprehend with difficulty; but I got to your meaning at last. There are people that are like ponies; their judgments cannot go fast, but they go sure." "That is a pretty clear proposition, my friend; but then how did you like the meaning when you did get at it? or was that, like some ponies, too difficult to catch, and, when caught, not worth the trouble?" "I am far from saying that, my dear sir, in respect it would be downright uncivil; but since you ask my opinion, I wish you could have thought about something more appertaining to civil policy, than all this bloody work about shooting, and dirking, and downright hanging. I am told it was the Germans who first brought in such a practice of choosing their heroes out of the Porteous Roll; but, by my faith, we are like to be upside with them. The first was, as I am credibly informed, Mr. Scollar, as they call him; a scholar-like piece of work he has made of it, with his Bobbers and thieves." "Schiller," said I, "my dear sir, let it be Schiller." "Shiller, or what you like," said Mr. Fair-scribe. "I found the book where I wish I had found a better one, and that is in Kate's work-basket. I sat down, and, like an old fool, began to read; but there, I grant, you have the better of Shiller, Mr. Croftangry." "I should be glad, my dear sir, that you really think I have approached that admirable author; even your friendly partiality ought not to talk of my having excelled him." "But I do say you have excelled him, Mr. Croftangry, in a most material particular. For surely a book of amusement should be something that one can take up and lay down at pleasure; and I can say justly, I was never at the least loss to put aside these sheets of yours when business came in the way. But, faith, this Shiller, sir, does not let you off so easily. I forgot one appointment on particular business, and I willfully broke through another, that I might stay at home and finish his confounded book, which, after all, is about two brothers, the greatest

rascals I ever heard of. The one, sir, goes near to murder his own father, and the other (which you would think still stranger) sets about to debauch his own wife."

This is, to our taste, most delightful; but we must now give our remaining short space to the Surgeon's Daughter, which opens with an admirable portrait of Gideon Grey, a doctor in a Scottish country town, called Middlemas. It is not our purpose to anticipate the readers of this tale, by going into its minutiae. In Dr. Grey's house a boy is mysteriously born, and in Dr. Grey's charge, under the name of the town, Richard Middlemas, the child, is left. The character of Richard, as he grows up, is contrasted with that of Hartley, another apprentice of the worthy doctor; and Menie Grey, the only daughter of the latter, is the heroine of the piece. As the narrative proceeds, the father and mother of the orphan are again brought forward under pathetic and powerful circumstances; and then the scene changes to the East Indies, where the finale of the melancholy drama takes place. On eastern ground we do not esteem the author so fortunate as he is nearer home; and, indeed, throughout the whole of this tale he appears to have been constrained too much by actual facts, so as to have left little for the exercise of his own extraordinary talents. Gideon Grey, his wife, Tom Hillary an attorney, and crimp, Menie—the gentle Menie, Hartley, Richard, and Nurse Jamieson, are excellently drawn; and the sketches of the Parents, of Clerk Lawford, of an hospital governor Seelencoper, of the Begum Montreville, and of Hyder Ali, are also very spirited, and true to character. The most striking scenes are a quarrel between the two apprentices, (the noble-minded Hartley is, perhaps, precocious in his knowledge of men and the world); an hospital in the Isle of Wight;—Richard's visit to his father and mother; and the catastrophe. With these indications, we keep our word not to interfere with the interest of the Surgeon's Daughter, which we bequeath entire to our readers, as having no fault but that of being "an over true tale."

#### The Literary Souvenir.

(Second Notice.)

THE rain of the Annuals, falling thick as leaves in Valambrosa, at the same time that other new publications of immediate interest shower down upon us, we are compelled to do but bare justice to their beauties in the way of art, and to their graces in the way of literature. Thus, to the Souvenir, replete with both kinds of merit as it certainly is, we could last week only devote a small portion of our page, very insufficient to exemplify the sweet poetical productions with which it abounds; and this week we are again forced to confine ourselves to an equally insufficient specimen of its various prose articles. To "the City of the Demons," by Dr. Magin, a peculiar and striking Jewish tale, we can only refer as one of the best in the elegant volume which it enriches; and pass to the *Whisperer*, a light and easy sketch, more suited to our limits.

"The *Whisperer*: a Legend of the South of Ireland.

"If you walk through the ruined town of Kilmallock, just outside of it you will see, hard by the big old oak, a dilapidated forge. In that forge the strokes of the sledge-hammer have long since ceased to vibrate on the ear; and he who once wielded it so stoutly, now sleeps quietly under the east window of the

old abbey. A pleasant fellow he was before he was laid where he is; and a clever fellow withal. But what made him most famous in his day and generation, was his power of breaking horses by a whisper; whence he went by the name of 'The Whisperer'; and his fame was spread over the six counties of song-abounding Munster. Give him the fiercest horse that ever broke a man's neck, and Terence O'Sullivan—for that was the Whisperer's name—boldly went up to him, clapped his hand upon his mane, applied his mouth to his ear, whispered something, God knows what, into it, and in two minutes afterwards the animal was as quiet as a Quaker! Some said it was effected by this method, and some by that; but it was all mere guessing, and to this day nobody knows the real truth, excepting his son Dennis, to whom the old man told the secret on his death-bed. But there is an old saying, that the world always goes on from bad to worse, and it is verified in this case; for Dennis does not manage the business half so well as his father. They say the reason is, that he does not go up to the horse as boldly as the old man (a dashing, off-hand fellow, who feared neither man nor beast) was wont to do; and it may be that there is something in it, for a man's horse in this respect is like his sweetheart, and is not the worse for being approached with some degree of spirit. However, it matters not as to the precise way the Whisperer operated, the manner in which he originally acquainted himself with the art was this. Terence was one day at his forge, busily employed, as usual, in fashioning a horse-shoe, thinking of nothing as all, but barely whistling; when there came by a soldier, lame and way-worn, toiling along slowly on the dusty road, in the heat of a July day. 'The blessing of God and the Virgin be upon you,' said Terence to the weary man. 'I am afraid,' said the soldier, 'I have little chance of either; thank you, nevertheless, for the kindness of your prayer. But add to the good wish a good deed. I am faint with thirst; give me a drink of water.' So Terence answered him from amid the sparkles of the fire, as he still laboured at the iron: 'I drink no water except when I cannot help it, and I've no notion of doing to another what I would not wish to be done to myself. The best of buttermilk from this to Dublin shall be at your service;' and, laying down his sledge-hammer, he went and brought some to the poor soldier. The traveller drank eagerly of the proffered bowl; and when he had finished it, said, 'You have done to me a kind service, and though you see me here poor as the poorest, yet I know that which will make you rich. Come behind the forge, and I will let you into a secret.' Terence O'Sullivan wondered at the man's language, but he followed him behind the forge; and there the weary soldier told him his secret. Terence was somewhat sceptical, but promised to make trial; and when at length he did so, to his very great amazement, every thing turned out as the soldier had predicted. After the soldier had told his secret, he shook the hand of the smith, and, walking away westward, was never again seen or heard of in Kilmallock. Terence's fame soon spread far and wide, and he broke every horse for twenty miles round. The only complaint was, that he broke the horses so completely, that they had no spirit after his whisper. Certain it is, that when they first heard it they trembled from head to hoof, a cold sweat stood all over their bodies; and it was said, that they never were good for either the chase or the race afterwards. And it

became a saying in the country, when, as sometimes happened to be the case, a rattling and rioting young bachelor became a quiet and sober sort of man after his marriage, that he had endured the infliction of Terence O'Sullivan's whisper. When his fame was at the greatest, it came to pass that one of the finest young fellows in the parish, or seven parishes beyond it, a lad of the name of Jerry Ryan, fell in love with as pretty a girl as you would wish to see, Mary Mulcahy, whose father had for thirty years kept the village school, and was now dead. Why Jerry Ryan fell in love with Mary Mulcahy, I cannot undertake to say; but I suppose it was for the same reason that a young man falls in love with a young woman all the world over. It was his luck; and when it is a man's luck to fall in love, he may as well not make any bustle about it, for do it he must. But as somebody says (and a clever body he was—I venture to say he was a gentleman of God's own making),

'The course of true love never did run smooth.'

And the rough spot in this love was, that Mary Mulcahy's mother was second cousin to Jerry Ryan's aunt; which is a degree of relationship that prevents matrimony in the church of Rome. So Jerry Ryan went to the priest about it; and as bad luck would have it, he went to him at a time when he happened to be cross, by reason of a dispute he had had that morning with his niece. There never is a worse time to ask a favour from any body than just such a time; and Jerry was accordingly refused. 'Go, get ye gone out of my house, ye good-for-nothing fellow,' said Dr. Delany (that was the priest's name); 'get out of my house, and I hope it will be a long day before I see you in it again. What, do you want me to break the law of God and the canons of the church? to fly in the face of the holy decretals, to violate the orders of sacred councils, and marry you to Mary Mulcahy, who is second cousin to your own born aunt? Jerry Ryan, Jerry Ryan, it is with sorrow I say it of your mother's son, who was a decent woman, God rest her soul, you are not much better than a heretic.' All this, and much more he said; and he roared and bawled so loud, that he got himself into a towering passion, and Jerry was fain to leave the house; which he did, looking melancholy enough, for he loved the girl too well to understand why her being second cousin to his aunt should hinder her from being his wife. While he was walking down the road, sorrowfully musing along, the Whisperer rode by. 'What is it ails you,' said he, 'Jerry Ryan, that you look as down in the mouth as a bull that has lost his horns?' So Jerry told him the particulars of his interview with the priest. 'I wish,' said he, 'Terence, that you had as much power over obstinate priests, as over stubborn horses, and that you could whisper old Delany into reason.' 'And may be I have,' said the Whisperer. 'I know,' said Jerry, sighing, 'that I had rather than twenty pounds that your words were true.' 'Twenty pounds!' said Terence O'Sullivan, 'are ye quite in earnest?' 'Perfectly so,' said the amorous bachelor. 'Well,' quoth the Whisperer, 'have it your own way; a time may come, my boy, when you would give twenty pounds to get rid of a wife, as I know for a reason I'll not disclose. But I was not joking in the least. Give me the twenty pounds, and if you are not married by this day week to Mary Mulcahy, may I never set foot in stirrup to the hour of my death.' Jerry Ryan did not half believe the Whisperer, and yet his fame

was great. At length he made up his mind, and gave Terence the twenty pounds, making him swear upon the mass-book, that if he did not succeed, the money should be put back again safe and sound in his hands. Away went the Whisperer, but not at once to the priest. He knew the world better; and he waited until after dinner, when his reverence was over his tumbler of punch. Nothing softens a man's heart so much, as Terence knew from his own experience. 'Is it about the bay mare you are come to me, Terence, my friend? You'll take a glass of punch, I am sure?' 'Ay,' replied the Whisperer, 'or two of them, if it would do any good to your reverence.' So he sat down, and they talked away as fast as they could, about the heat of the weather, the potato crop, the price of whisky, Squire Johnson's last hunt, Catholic emancipation, the new road under the hill—every thing in the world. And at last, when the priest was in the height of good humour, the Whisperer brought in the business of Jerry Ryan, in the easiest way he could. 'Don't talk to me about it,' said the doctor, 'Terence O'Sullivan, but drink your punch in peace—it can't be. They are too near a kin. It's clearly against the law of the church.' And he quoted Saint Augustine, and Thomas Aquinas, and Sardanapalus, and Nebuchadnezzar, and other fathers of the church; which he well knew how to do, being regularly bred in the famous University of Salamanca, where he took his degree of Doctor of Canon Law, in the year eighty-one. The Whisperer waited to the end of the doctor's speech, and then said: 'It's a mighty fine thing, doctor, to be so learned a man. How your head holds all that knowledge, is more than I can say.' On which the doctor smiled. 'But,' continued Terence, 'there was not a saint among them who would not listen to reason; and if your reverence would just let me whisper one minute to you, may be you'd think better of it.' 'Whisper to me, man,' said the priest, 'do you take me for a horse?' 'God forbid,' said the Whisperer; 'that I should compare your reverence to a brute baste. But let me try.' 'Well,' said the priest, 'this is one of the foolishest things I ever heard of; but if you insist upon it, you may follow your own vagary, only I tell you it's of no use, for I never will.' 'Don't be rash, father Delany,' said the Whisperer, and putting his mouth close to the ear of the priest, he whispered something to him. 'O!' said the priest, 'but you are a wonderful man, Terence O'Sullivan, that alters the case. I see the thing in quite a different light. The poor young creatures! Send them to me, and we'll settle the matter.' And he buttoned up his breeches' pocket. Now what did the Whisperer say? I can't guess. But whatever it was, Jerry Ryan and Mary Mulcahy were married that day week, and the Whisperer danced at the wedding. 'It would be a queer (queer) thing,' said he, 'if I, who could tame the strongest horse in the country, would not be able to tame an old priest.' 'We have still marked as a reserve (should opportunity enable us to avail ourselves of them) a number of extracts from the Souvenir, as well as from some of its companions. In the meantime we can again only repeat our warm eulogy upon the taste, talent, and success with which it has been put together. We do not wonder at the great popularity of the works of this class; for nothing but an immense sale could repay the expenses bestowed upon them, and their consequent ex-



cellence. Two plates, which we did not notice before, appear in our complete copy of the *Souvenir*; and the plates alone are worth far more than the whole cost of the publication. The large paper edition is exquisite and splendid in its embellishments, and worthy of the choicest place in the choicest library or most enchanting boudoir.

## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Blue Stocking Hall.* 3 vols. H. Colburn. THERE is really some good plain sense, as well as excellent principles, inculcated in these pages; but the work cannot be considered as a novel; and the title appears to us to be a complete misnomer. The characters are not Blue-stockings, in the common and understood acceptance of the phrase; and, while we warn readers of the disappointment which awaits them in this respect, we need only add, that those who like a moral and virtuous view of society will find it in this Hall.

*Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts.* By the Author of *Memoirs of the Princess de Lamballe*, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1827. Colburn.

WHILE one lady gives us an exposition of vices at home, another makes a still broader display of abominations committed abroad. We have here raked together all the scandal of the Continent, from the infamous amours of the Empress Catherine, down to the latest period of the Buonaparteian Court: a sweeping view of the licentiousness of all nations, in the gross style of a foreign artiste, and opposed to the decent spirit of English literature. Of such a work, all we shall permit ourselves to say is, that we are sorry to see it published.

*Classical Manual; or, a Mythological, Historical, and Geographical Commentary on Pope's Homer and Dryden's Æneid of Virgil: with a copious Index.* 8vo. pp. 697. London, 1827. Longman and Co.; Payne and Foss; Cambridge, Deighton and Son; Oxford, Parker; Edinburgh, Black; Dublin, Milliken.

WE have no hesitation in adopting and pronouncing the opinion that this is a work of very great merit and utility. The author has presented us with the fruits of immense research and labour—in a most unexceptionable form. His illustrations go along with the text of Homer and Virgil, and amply enlighten the reader respecting the rites, fables, traditions, biography, historical events, geography, mythology, &c. &c. to which they refer: while a copious index at the end answers all the purposes of a classical dictionary. The design is executed with first-rate ability; and wherever education is sought, this *Manual* must be in request.

*Friendship's Offering.* London, 1828. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE have had only time for a glance at this Annual, and if we may venture an opinion on such slight survey, we must say the *Friendship's Offering* seems likely to increase its popularity in the hands of its present editor. Of the literary contents we shall have to speak very highly.

*S.S. Episcoporum Nicæ et Paulini Scripta, & Vaticanis codicibus edita, &c.* Edited by M. A. Mai. 4to. Romæ, typis Vaticanis. 1827.

THIS volume contains three (hitherto inedited) works of St. Nicolas, Patriarch of Aquileia.

1. *De Ratione Fidei.* On the divinity of our Saviour, and his equality in all respects with the Father; against the Jews, Arians, &c.  
2. *De Spiritibus Sancti Potentiâ.* Against the Macedonians, &c.

3. *De diversis Appellationibus Domini nostro Jesu Christo convenientibus.*

4. (Already printed at Padua, in 1799), *Explicatio Symboli ad competentes; Splegazione del Simbolo a' concorrenti al battesimo.*

In illustrating St. Nicolas, the learned editor takes occasion to publish, from a Vatican MS. not later than the eleventh century, some curious particulars respecting a petition from the Venetian Islands to Pope Benedict I.; of a Roman council held by him on the occasion; and of the Patriarchate of Aquileia, legitimately founded by the same Pope on that occasion in Grado, after the schism.

The works of St. Paulinus in this volume are two *Elegies* on sacred subjects—one of 240, the other of 28 verses.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR NOVEMBER.

3d day—the sun will have advanced to within one and a half degree of Zuben el Genubi, a star of the second magnitude in Libra. 20th day, enters Scorpio, a constellation said to be emblematical of the variety of diseases which follow in the train of autumnal fruits, and like that reptile wounds as it retreats.

*Lunar Eclipse this day,* at 3 hrs. 29 min. 30 sec. The moon, after having passed considerably into the earth's shadow, will rise to the metropolis at 4 hrs. 44 min. 45 sec. in the N.E. by E. part of the horizon. 5 hrs. 7 min. 45 sec., when the moon has attained an altitude of 5 deg., the greatest obscuration will occur, leaving 1 digit. 24 min. 15 sec. of the southern limb of its disc illuminated, the dark part being the southern side of the earth's shadow. 6 hrs. 45 min. 45 sec.—the eclipse will terminate near the prime vertical, when the moon will resume its full-orbed brightness. This phenomenon will occur in Aries, and afford an illustration of the regressive motion of the moon's node, or that part of its orbit which intersects the ecliptic:—thus, on recurring to the eclipse of last November, we find that the node was in the tail of the Ram; since then, it has passed through the body, in the direction of the right shoulder, where it is at this time; so that the motion of the node is from the tail towards the head of the Ram, while the paths of the sun, moon, and planets, are in a contrary direction. If the moon had been at the full, when its centre coincided with the node, the eclipse would have been total and central; and if rising under these circumstances, it is highly probable that both sun and moon would be visible at the same time by refraction, just above the horizon. This phenomenon is recorded to have happened at Paris on July 19th, 1750. The eclipse of to-day, however, occurring at some little distance from the node, only part of the moon falls into the shadow: it will, therefore, be partial, though considerable.

7th day, 4 hrs.—Mercury in conjunction with Antares in Scorpio. 10th day—at his greatest elongation, as an evening star, and visible, should the horizon be clear, in the S.W. 20th day, stationary. 30th day, 1 hr. 45 min.—in his inferior conjunction.

Venus and Mars are too near the sun to be satisfactorily observed. Jupiter is escaping from the solar rays, and about the middle of the month will be visible as a morning star in the E.S.E., a short time before sun-rise. Saturn is in the club of Pollux, the southern twin.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 26.—On Wednesday, the following gentlemen were admitted to degrees:—

*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. M. G. Buresford, Trinity College; Rev. C. Borton, Caius College; Rev. G. Heyes, St. John's College.

*Bachelor in Civil Law.*—R. C. Christie, Trinity Hall.

*Bachelor in Physics.*—J. Johnstone, Trinity College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—G. W. Scott, F. Gray, E. Robertson, F. Parker, Trinity College; H. P. Costelloe, St. John's College; L. E. Dryden, Clare Hall; H. C. Mitchell, Queen's College.

OXFORD, Oct. 27.—On Monday, the 22d, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Civil Law.*—J. W. Knapp, Fellow of St. John's College.

*Bachelor in Divinity.*—Rev. H. Jenkins, Fellow of Magdalen College.

*Master of Arts.*—R. H. Froude, Fellow of Oriel College.

*Bachelor of Arts.*—Hon. C. A. Murray, Oriel College.

On Thursday, the 25th, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. R. B. Greenlaw, Worcester College; R. Gwillym, E. Higgins, Brasenose College; P. Thresher, University College; Rev. W. R. Cox, Scholar of Pembroke College; J. Gunn, W. Falconer, Exeter College; Rev. W. B. Leach, Wadham College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—J. Jenkinson, Magdalen Hall; B. Mason, Brasenose College; H. Meiswiler, Scholar, J. S. Hallifax, Trinity College; E. Herbert, Jesus College; N. H. Macdonald, F. Hartwell, Oriel College; H. Clark, Exeter College.

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*A Series of Outlines, taken from the Æneid of Virgil: in five Numbers. No. I.* London, 1827. Engelmann, Graf, Coindet, and Co.; Carpenter and Son.

IN the literary division of this sheet we have spoken of a classical help to the study of Virgil, of the highest merit: we have now to give a very favourable opinion of another species of illumination which, through the medium of the fine arts, addresses itself to the eye and the fancy. We have heard that this bold attempt is made by a young artist, (a Mr. Pitts); and his grappling with an undertaking of such difficulty and magnitude is a good sign both of his just confidence and powers. The specimens before us do him infinite credit: they remind us of the vigour, the learning, and the genius of a Flaxman. Yet, friends as we are to effects produced by slight touches and strokes of the pencil, we could wish that some of these outlines were more distinctly made out. At one glance, we ought to be enabled not only to gather the nature of the general subject, but to catch, at least, its leading component parts, without the trouble of close inspection. Now, in the design of the *Repast* (for instance), the dead quarry of deer in the foreground is so indistinctly expressed, that it requires pains to trace the members of the separate animals: we would also say that the muscles of the back of the reclined figure holding up the cup are not sufficiently marked. We specify these particulars; but the criticism is meant to be applied to many points throughout, and to induce the artist to reconsider the style.

The Number contains eight outlines: 1. a striking personification of Envy and Jealousy on their way to possess the mind of Juno. 2. Juno at the cave of Æolus, a group of very considerable spirit. 3. The Tempest, a grand thought, in which Nax is covering the chariot of Sol with a dark mantle. 4. Neptune calming the storm, is a powerful continuation of the same conception. 5. The same Deity with the Sea Nymphs introduces us more to the beauties of the female form. 6. Æneas on the Libyan coast, using his bow, is not so



the; and 7. The Repast, we have already noticed. The 8th, and last, is an original and very happy representation of the prayer of Venus to Jupiter.

Altogether we consider this *début* to be one of extraordinary promise; and we trust the young artist will meet with the patronage and encouragement he seems so richly to deserve.

*Look Venachoir.* F. Nicholson, del. Same Publishers.

THE magnificent scenery of the Western Highlands of Scotland is known to every tourist in that picturesque country. We have here one of the grandest scenes, exhibited, on stone, with feeling and truth.

*European Scenery. Nos. I. and II.* On stone, by F. Nicholson. Same Publishers. THESE seem to be the commencement of a plan for giving a series of views in Europe, not confined to any country, but seizing objects of interest in all. Each of the two sheets before us contains four views, very prettily executed, and we presume, from the mode, at a cheap rate. The 1st has Ripon, Shrewsbury, York Cathedral, and Lancaster: the 2d, Dover, Warwick Castle, Worcester, and Southampton. The size is about six inches by four.

*Lodge's Illustrations Portraits. Part XXVIII.* Harding, Leppard, and Co.

EVERY succeeding Part of this work demands a repetition of our praises, as well of the excellent art as of the literary taste and the historical judgment which it displays. We have now the seventh volume complete. The present Part has the bluff Henry, from Lord Egremont's Holbein; most ably engraved by T. A. Dearn. Sir Anthony Denny, a dark portrait by the same hands; and James Stuart, Duke of Richmond, by Vandike, (engraved by J. Pomeroy), a capital contrast of light and grace. The former of these is in Lord Radnor's gallery; the latter in that of Sir J. S. Sidney, at Penshurst, where so many treasures of painting are mouldering on the damp walls. Sir Christopher Hatton, as stashed as Ketel could make him (engraved by E. Scriven, from Lord Dillon's picture); and George Lord Goring, by J. Thomson, from Lord Egremont's Vandike, complete the attractions of this fasciculus.

*William Kitchiner, M.D.:* in mezzotinto, by C. Turner. Jennings.

AN excellent whole-length of a late eccentric and amusing character—the Cook's Oracle. The likeness is very good; the attitude perfect. Our old friend the stuffed tiger, (so well known to every visiter of the doctor's eating room,) seems to be rather small. He has, perhaps, fallen off since his worthy master died; and, indeed, the hat laid upon him almost indicates that he had already shrunk into a poll-cat. The print altogether is a pleasing memorial of a singular but much-esteemed individual.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BY BOYLE FARM.

*B-E-F-M., or BOYLE FARM,* was famous in the annals of last fashionable season, for a fete given there by some five persons of the highest ton. The supreme pleasures to be enjoyed on such occasions can only be surmised by those who undergo the operation of attending them,—can only be guessed at by the cruel envy and disappointment of those who happen not

to be of the elect. Preferring, as we do, the quiet of the study, we can yet imagine that others may be highly gratified by the exhibition of their persons in gala dresses, and by the fatigues of a crowded rout or *fête champêtre*. At all events, the Entertainment of Boyle Farm has inspired an elegant laureate to sing its praise; and as the poem, ascribed to Lord Francis Gower, has been kept very closely, we trust our readers in general will not be displeased with us for printing it, as we are sure the *Porcelain* classes will be most grateful to us for giving them what they have so anxiously sought to behold.

How we came to be possessed of so secret and sacred a composition, we are bound, but at the same time embarrassed, to explain. Suffice it to say, without betraying confidence in an ungallant manner, that the rarity of the poem having caused it to be an object of much fashionable solicitude, the charming Lady \*\*\*\*\* copied it entirely into her own fair characters, and with a kindness (to be duly and gratefully remembered) did us the favour to bestow it upon the *Literary Gazette*.

"B-E-F-M."

Thou sentient tube, whose secret spell  
For sixpence Brougham explains so well,  
That from the kitchen to the attic  
Each household dabbles in pneumatics!  
How have I watched thy liquid ore,  
And bow'd thy mystic shrine before,  
To learn, if to the gods allowed,  
The destiny of sun or cloud,  
Decried by kind or angry heaven  
For June the thirtieth, twenty-seven!

Long had the falling glass required  
That hapless race the uninvited  
Who placed their pleasure and their pride in  
The subtle mercury's subsiding.  
In taunting tone they spoke their trust,  
'That storms like these would lay the dust.  
A hundred water-carts prepared!  
At least that outlay may be spared!  
Thus glided they, and condemn'd us all  
To misery and a wet Vauxhall.

Meek hope and humble faith despises  
Such warnings—Lo! the index rises;  
The joyous face of heaven the while  
Resumes the universal smile,  
Which neither heaven or man deny  
To these, good-humoured A-y.

Oh! have I seen in Blacay's main,  
When head to wind some ship has lain,  
Sore struggling with the tempest's forces,  
With masts made snug and close-roof'd courses,  
Sudden exulting set sail  
The onsets of a favouring gale,  
Stay-sail and flying gill unroll'd,  
Quit the dark caverns of the hold;  
To shake the reefs out every hand  
Is busy, every yard is mann'd—  
'Till like a butterfly the sweeps  
With all her mighty wings, the deeps.

'Tis thus from bandboxes and presses  
Confiding Beauty culls her dresses,  
And more determined forth she draws  
The snow-white slip, the virgin gauze.  
Pledge of her trust in wind and weather,  
She bids it droop, the graceful feather,  
That pride of all the morning toilette;  
Bracelet and chain conclude the list  
Round the fair neck and loaded wrist,  
Of various mineral and mould,  
Iron from Berlin, India's gold,  
Vienna's talismanic signs,  
The Koran's efficacious lines.

Sure, when the dress of former ages  
Our children's scrutiny engages,  
When antiquarians explore  
The bracelets which their mothers wore,  
Some future hand will rise to praise  
The female strength of former days,  
And show this weight of golden fetters,  
To prove their grandmothers their betters.

'Tis done; the last has left its place  
Of rest in that red oblong case,  
Whose well-known form and hue explains  
So well the treasure it contains;  
And, as the taper wrist it rounded,  
Gently the clicking clasp has sounded.

Now, each amusement antedating  
I see her at the window waiting,  
Like ship for fight or speed prepared,  
Her sails all bent, her yards all squared;  
Which, mann'd with hands and hearts all able,  
Lies with a spring upon her cable,

And waits the telegraph's command,  
To gain her offing from the land.

Soft, ere the carriage step descends,  
And ere her course the muse attends,  
And, following close the Briskha's rattle,  
Purveys her to the press of battle,  
I crave permission for expressing  
My parting wishes, and my blessing,  
Heaven send, to soothe her chaperon's cares,  
Presumptive and expectant hairs;  
And midst them that less frequent treasure,  
A partner who can keep the measure!  
May others still remain engaged  
To find her through the night engaged;  
May locks at mid-day curled, at two  
Remain untouched by damp or dew,  
Which make all tresses droop and drip so,  
The curled, the crisp, and Calypso!  
My charm is said, my blessing done;  
I trust not idly breathed on one  
Whom Nature, Maradan, and Kitching,  
Have told alike to make bewitching.

Oh, Maradan! thy fame refuses  
The utmost efforts of the muses;  
For, not like mine, thy midnight taper  
Waits for waste of ink and paper,  
But for those works which Pallas loved,  
For which her zeal the goddess proved,  
By quickly changing to a spider  
The luckless rival who defied her.  
For weeks within thy shop, they say,  
Thy maidens turned the night to day;  
Assistants and clerks were tired,  
And countless 'prentices expired;  
Needle in hand, 'tis said, they died on,  
'Till every dress was shaped and tried on—  
'Till flounce and flower had found their station,  
And every gown its destination.

Oh! why, but for the sad prevention  
Of my unfortunate invention,  
Why, but to boister, vex, and bore me,  
Did Moore perform my task before me?  
Why did he ever make us hear  
Of Nourmahal or of Cashmere?  
Oh! why has poet e'er composed  
A strain so sweet and so be-rosed,  
When I have need to count the noses  
Of all the words which rhyme to roses,  
Before I e'en can sketch the charm  
Of thy solemnity, B-E-F-M!

So at the opera, at a venture,  
Some fair one's box perchance we enter,  
And find one seated to his mind there;  
Him whom we least would wish to find there;  
The man whose speech's dangerous powers  
We think alone can master ours:  
The man who leaves each topic dry,  
Then flings it down for us to try;  
Who pillages of wit and jest  
Our own anticipated jest!

With pity and composure treats us;  
In short, who in a canter beats us.  
Thus, in my own case, ill I brook  
To see thy author, Lalla Hook,  
Before I else have started at her,  
Close seated by my subject-matter.  
I wish to heaven we had them here,  
Dear Moore, your beauties of Cashmere!  
If at B-E-F-M I once could catch them,  
And did not in ten seconds match them,  
Let those for whom I sing disown me,  
And like the Bacchanals stone me.

Yes, bring her here, the flower of all,  
The caliph's favourite, Nourmahal;  
She who now hangs upon my arm  
Shall meet and match her, charm for charm,  
Though none can say, that by selection,  
I offer her that arm's protection!  
And none can call my terms unfair  
If chance has placed the loveliest there.  
Let Lawrence judge—my life upon it,  
The tarbush yields it to the bonnet.

Though 'tis the right of our profession  
Still from digression to digression  
To stray, reflection summons back  
My muse to gain her proper track.  
First let that muse impartial state,  
When coaches have discharged their freight,  
When through the grounds the guests have strayed,  
And each preparative survey'd,  
Why are such wistful glances sent  
To yonder regal tent?  
The fairy Peri Banou gave  
(Tha' sent to her young prince, the slave  
Of more than mortal beauty's spells,  
As old Arabia's legend tells,  
I know not by what chance the Blues  
Have step'd into Prince Ahmed's shoes.  
If once sufficed for eastern nations  
To smoke their pipes and eat their rations;  
The sultan, court, and all the forces,  
Here ate, and slept, and held discourse;  
But to a peace establishment  
The Blues reduced this mighty tent,  
And Gunter lays around its poles  
His covers for five hundred souls.

With Byron's hero I agree  
In this—My tent is more to me  
Than is that deck'd conservatory;  
Where peers and princes, in their glory,  
Partake the feast, and see their state  
Reflected back from fretted plate;  
Where those who lately made a din  
By throwing corn out, throw it in.  
I have no wish to dine by ticket;  
I love to wander, and to nick it,  
And gain by stratagem or skill  
The very chair I wish to fill.  
Here freedom reigns, no George and garter  
From me with solemn bow can part her,  
Whose smiles, not lessen'd by champagne,  
Inspire as now my harmless strain,  
And for the moment brighter make me  
Than that for which most mortals take me.  
I love, mild noise of forks and dishes,  
To speak my sentiments and wishes.  
When Midas to the reeds prefer'd them,  
The sedge blab'd, and all men heard them.  
But with a whisper not too loud,  
And head towards the cutlet bow'd,  
I keep each ear but one from gleaming  
The least iota of my meaning.  
How reason's power, how logic's force,  
Increases in the second course;  
How tongues are loosed, so late unable  
To stir when fish was on the table!  
If 'twere, as it is not, my cue  
Some gentle object to pursue,  
I ask no strange advantage sequent  
On something wondrous or unrequent;  
I ask not in the dangerous wave  
First to upset her, then to save;  
I ask not midnight's silent hour,  
The perfumed air, the moonlit bower,  
(Though these were useful aids to seize on,  
For passion's triumph over reason.)  
Of all the twenty-four to win her,  
Grant me, kind Heaven, the hour of dinner!  
'Tis evening now, the sun is sinking;  
To warn us from protracted drinking  
Yon lighted, board'd, chalk'd pavilion  
Is destined for the gay cotillon.  
How with an eastern air it stands,  
Like some gay hall on Ganges' sands,  
Reminding veterans from India  
Of Dowla, Ragout, and Scindiah,  
And hails where Halahs of Benares  
Are wont to play their dull vagaries!  
No dull ones ours; not 'e'en to me,  
Who since the gout has seized my knee  
Have ceased my dancing. Still I love  
To beat the measure as they move,  
And fix a critic glance on those  
Whose awkward limbs and leaden toes  
Still while they live must fail to find it,  
Still dart before, or lag behind it,  
And baffle music's choicest sounds  
By wily turns and desperate bounds.  
Then stray we for awhile to hear  
The strong-limb'd, green-capp'd mountaineer,  
Or yield at once the meeting soul  
To Caradon's barcarole.  
Or while from shore the mortals stare on  
Let me accept the place of Charon,  
And raise, while joyous souls I ferry,  
The lay of my enchanted wherry.

\* See, my bark has long been waiting,  
Prompt to sail at beauty's call;  
Hush your scruples, cease debating,  
Enter, there is room for all;  
But her bulkier never meant her  
To receive the vulgar throng.  
Wit, and song, and beauty, enter;  
Gaily then the gillies along.

Ask not what my bark can carry;  
Ask not how she steers her way;  
Starry-lamps, and eyes more starry,  
Guide the helmsman on his way;  
From the rising waters shrink not,  
Though too heavily they approach;  
Wit, and song, and beauty, sink not,  
Though rebellious waves encroach.

There are voices here to charm them,  
And the eyes which they reflect;  
Of their terrors can I then them  
See, the waves have learnt respect;  
Now sit fast: the chain I sever,  
Which confines us to the shore;  
Hearts of lighter burden never  
Laughing Pleasure's lipsoot bore.

Pleasure's gayest chaplets crown us;  
What can then awake our fears?  
A slight might sink; a tear might drown us;  
What to us are slighter fears?  
If amidst us Care be coiling,  
Find the deep-cut pool for him;  
Plunge him where its depths are boiling;  
Fear no murder—Care can swim.

Care would call me vagrant, rover,  
Ask me where I shaped my course;  
Seize the miscreant! fling him over!  
Answering him would make me hoarse.

Fear not. None have ever found me  
Doubtful where to lead my crew;  
By the eyes which beam around me  
I can read the compass true.

Float we now by yonder willow;  
Never dew-beangled trees,  
Bending low to kiss the billow,  
Wept such radiant drops as these;  
Scarce so bright in her lamenting  
Eye of widowed love appears;  
Eyes of Magdalen repenting  
Shone less brightly through her tears.

To receive the stream we float on  
Would the sea did not exist;  
Would that I might urge my boat on  
Still for ever where I list!  
But the voice whose spell, delighting,  
First seduced me from the shore,  
Now to new pursuits inviting,  
Bids me moor my bark once more.

And hark! a novel sound surprises;  
In air the warning rocket rises;  
'Twas thus, on Leipzig's awful night,  
When warring Europe paused in fight,  
The fiery sign mysterious rose,  
Ill understood by all but those  
Who knew by previous information;  
It told them that another nation,  
With forward Blucher in its ranks,  
Was station'd on Napoleon's flanks.

How quick that warning sound has made  
A desert of each lonely glade!  
Each silent walk and half-lit alley  
Are dull as Johnson's happy valley;  
Forlorn of every living thing  
The Indian cottage and the spring.  
In one be-shaw'd, be-fether'd clatter,  
Upon the river's banks they muster.  
To view, not glimpses of the new light,  
But rocket, Catherine-wheel, and blue-light.  
Thus, when some leader, to make good  
His station, fills a neighbouring wood  
With those insidious troops in green,  
Whose powers are more subtle than seem;  
If suddenly his own position  
The foe should threaten with perdition,  
The bugle sounds; o'er all the plain  
The scatter'd masses close again;  
Kicking their steeds with all their feet,  
The skirmishing husars retreat.  
Resume the sabre from the side,  
And sling the carbine as they ride.  
Then from the brilliant square once more  
The musketry's collected roar,  
In one tremendous chorus, stifles  
The dropping fire of scatter'd rifles.  
Triumphs of carbon and of nitre,  
None ever saw or wished yet brighter.  
How sweet, for those like me, who love,  
To catch the moments as they move,  
To watch the concussions buoy'd  
An instant on the murky void.  
The next, by gravitation's power,  
Melt in the gorgeous golden shower!  
But most I love to turn and gaze  
On all that mimic day displays,  
On eyes that watch that fiery levin,  
And saint-like glances turn'd to heaven,  
Brows to the feeble glare exposed,  
And lips in rapture half unclosed.

'Tis thus my recollection paints  
The sight of Milan's thousand saints,  
Martyr and monk, each sculptured form,  
Lit by the taper of the storm.  
Though thunder-drops were round the plashing,  
I stood to watch the lightning's flashing,  
Which rapt in momentary brightness  
The duomo in its marble whiteness.

But ah for me, and for my lyre!  
Like rocket which has spent its fire,  
'Tis time to this, and to expire,  
Not mine to interfere at all in  
The sad details of carriage-calling;  
Yet shall the parting bard his due  
Absolve, illustrious live, to you!

The warmest thanks in verse the dustest,  
And may the open hand be fullest;  
May all your purses, such my wish is,  
Be unexhausted as your dishes;  
May better bards arise than me  
To sing thy praises, A—y—y,  
And sing those too in strains befitting,  
Who, nought forgetting or omitting,  
Concentrated, with magic powers,  
A year's amusement in six hours."

#### DRAMA.

##### DRURY LANE.

On Monday, a comedy, in three acts, from the pen of Mr. Poole, and entitled *The Wealthy Widow*, was produced at this theatre, with decided and deserved success. It is adapted from

the French *Le Jeune Mari*, which also served as the ground-work for Mr. Kenny's *Spring and Autumn*, at the Haymarket. In his treatment of the story, Mr. Poole has displayed great tact and talent. The dialogue is not inferior to the best of our modern comedies, being terse, neat, and (to borrow a Gallic phrase) *spirituel*. A young fellow, of despicable character, sells himself in marriage to a wealthy widow, of double his own age, for the sake of what her fortune can do for him. So base a union cannot be happy! Where man sacrifices his liberty and honour on the shrine of convenience, and woman her propriety and character on the shrine of appetite, it is to be expected that the one will turn from servility to ingratitude, and the other from fondness to tyranny. So it is exhibited in this piece; and the only error in the moral is, that though we do not pity the wife, so justly punished for her folly, we cannot regard with satisfaction the triumph of the husband, the abject meanness of whose motives and conduct take him out of the pale of sympathy, as unworthy of every manly or dignified sentiment. The part, however (*Dangleton*), is so admirably played by Jones, that he almost forces us to forget the original and inherent vice of the contemptible money-hunter, who weds a *granny* for the sake of lucre, and finally turns the tables upon her, by asserting his marital supremacy. *Mrs. Dangleton* is also so capitally performed by Mrs. Davison as to give her decline and fall a degree of interest, of which, in less able hands, they would not be susceptible. The other characters consist of *Emily*, the widow's daughter, Miss Ellen Tree; *Edward Hardacre* (Mr. Dowton), an elderly gentleman, who offers to give up a claim upon her estate for a claim upon her person; *Freely*, a younger lover (Hooper); and *Trinket* (Miss Love), a pert lady's maid. Of these, Miss Tree acquires herself with much animation and good feeling; Miss Love is arch and *brusque*; Dowton judicious and temperate; and Hooper rather an automaton sort of woe. Altogether, we never witnessed any play better performed; and, the slight languor which occurred in the third act being removed, we know of no piece of the kind which has a better title to keep the stage, and amuse the public.

We are extremely sorry to observe that the renewed illness of Miss Paton has partially interrupted the run of charming operas at this house. Braham, however, is a never-failing host in himself.

*The Spectre*, a ballet, by Noble, is, in our judgment, a discredit to the theatre, and fit for little above Bartholomew fair. We do not believe there is one out of a hundred of the audience who does not get heartily tired of seeing a parcel of children dance, and an eke of buffoonery to waste the remainder of the weary time.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

On Saturday and Tuesday, Miss Hughes repeated the part of *Mandane*, and confirmed the highest expectations formed of her as a young and most promising songstress. Both in the intricate harmonies and in the more simple melodies, alike in the difficult and in the sweet, she displayed powers of great compass, beauty, and variety; and received from a crowded theatre the tribute of unanimous and warm applause for every effort. We have but one advice to offer to this very charming musician: in her sharp notes she has yet a good deal to acquire; and she must not be led away by popular applause, but work and study as hard as if she had never listened to the

munious voice of praise. *The top of the tree* is the place for such a bird to sing.

*A Bold Stroke for a Wife* was famously acted on Wednesday. C. Kemble's inimitable Colonel Feignwell was supported as such a performance ought to be: by Blanchard's Sir P. Modelore, Bartley's Tradelove, Farren's Pirminkle, Fawcett's Obadiah, and Mrs. Davenport's Mrs. Prim.

#### VARIETIES.

**Sugar.**—Under the domination of Buona-parte, France consumed only about fourteen millions of pounds of sugar annually. The present annual consumption exceeds eighty millions of pounds.

**Matrimony.**—In a statistical return from one of the departments of France, it is stated that three brothers, living in that department, had had among them no fewer than fifteen wives!

**Yorkshire Museum.**—Last week, the foundation stone was laid, by the Archbishop of York, of a handsome building for the reception of the Yorkshire Museum. The site is partly on that of the ancient St. Mary's Abbey, on the moor shore, near the city. The reports of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society were among the memorabilia deposited. The architect is Mr. W. Wilkins.

**Djebbet.**—An expedition has been projected by the Pasha of Tripoli against the revolted Arabs of the Djebbet. This mountainous and woody country extends to the Tunisian territory. It is divided into a hundred and three districts, in which there is an abundant produce of oil, raisins, and figs. The Arabs who inhabit it belong to three distinct tribes, who hail as their chief Muhammed-Il-Marmouri, a crafty and cruel man.

**China.**—Great curiosity has recently been excited at Rome, by the exhibition of a valuable cabinet of the products of Chinese skill and industry, collected by an Italian of the name of Martucci, during a long residence at Canton. The progress made by a people, of whom so little is known, in civilisation and the arts, is demonstrated by this museum. The manufacture of bronzes, porcelain, gold-work, and casts in copper, has arrived in China at an approach to perfection which the most advanced European nations would find it difficult to surpass. Some of the Chinese vases may really be compared to those of the finest times of Greece. The sculptures and the paintings, even with reference to anatomical precision, are as highly finished as ours. M. Martucci's cabinet also contains a fine collection of Chinese books, comprehending tales, national history, botany, medicine, &c. Some of the latter mention inoculation for the small-pox.

**The Biscayan Language.**—Astarloo, in his defence of the Biscayan language, observes, that one of the greatest proofs of its antiquity is, that instead of counting by tens, it counts by twenties. That the fingers were the basis of numeration is testified by Ovid, when he says, in speaking of the number ten,

"Sed quia tot digiti, per quos numerare solemus,  
Hic numerus magnus tunc in honore fuit."

The Greeks and Romans, who used the figures I, II, III, &c., and the Chinese, who use 一, 二, &c. to signify one, two, three, &c. seem to sanction this opinion. Among the Ætolians, *επεντα* (to count by five) means absolutely to count. Several of the American nations further confirm our system. Among

the Guaranians, five is called *popetei*, a word composed of *po*, hand; and *petei*, one; or one hand. To express ten, they say *pomoeoi*, or two hands. Among the Lulians, twenty is called *iseluauon*, a word composed of *is*, hand, *elu*, foot, and *auon*, all; or, all the fingers and toes. The Jarurians express the number twenty by *canipame*, a word composed of *cani*, one, and *pume*, man, or one man; and the number forty, by *noenipume*, or two men. But without crossing the Atlantic, we may find in Europe languages in which numeration takes place by twenties. Such are the Icelandic and Celtic. In the latter, for example, twenty is called *uguent*; and forty, sixty, are called *daou-uguent*, *tri-uguent*; that is to say, two twenties, three twenties.

**Prussia.**—At the end of the year 1820, Prussia (excluding Neuchatel) contained 11,272,842 inhabitants. In the six years which followed, 3,060,260 human beings were born in that country, and 1,921,956 died. The increase was therefore 1,138,304; and at the end of 1826 the population of Prussia amounted to 12,419,788.

**Iceland.**—During the last spring, the north and east coasts of Iceland were visited by an extraordinary number of icebergs, which produced so much cold and drought, accompanied by furious gusts of wind, that vegetation was at a stand. By way of amends, the fishery, especially in the southern parts of the island, was exceedingly productive. On the 13th of February, a new volcano burst forth from one of the glaciers.

**Natural History.**—A splendid collection of natural history, formed at the Cape of Good Hope by the indefatigable M. Villet, has, we hear, just arrived in this country, and is destined to be the first novelty of the season that will be brought before the public at the Egyptian Hall.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Beauties of Melody, a collection of the most popular Airs, Duets, Glees, &c. of the best authors, with new words, poetry, and symphonies, is announced by W. H. Plumstead, T. R. Drury Lane.

The First Number of a Journal of Morbid Anatomy; or, Researches Physiological, Pathological, and Therapeutic, by J. R. Farre, M.D., is in the press.

A Translation from the German of Madame Pichler's new Historical Romance, entitled the Swedes in Prague, is announced.

The noble Author of *Matilda* (Lord Normanby) announces *Yes or No*, a query, another tale of the day?

The Author of *Granby* also promises a new Novel, called *Herbert Lacy*.

The Red Rover is forthcoming, from the pen of the writer of the Spy, the Pilot, &c.

**Pepper.**—There are no fewer than forty-one kinds of pepper. A Batavian naturalist of the name of Blume has written a description of them, accompanied with plates.

**Macbeth.**—This splendid proof of our great Dramatist's powers has been translated into Italian verse by an English gentleman, Major Fry; and has been published at Manheim.

**Fossil Bones.**—Plates of above six hundred fossil bones (the remains of an ancient world), recently discovered in the neighbourhood of Isouire, in France, are preparing for publication. They belong to more than fifty species of animals, now extinct; among which are elephants, horses, tigers, rhinoceri, eleven or twelve kinds of stags, large cats, oxen, bears, dogs, otters, &c. The original form of all these bones is perfectly preserved; and it appears by experiment, that even their chemical nature is but little altered.

**Mimnermus.**—A number of fragments of this Greek poet, who was the contemporary of Solon, and flourished about the thirty-seventh Olympiad, have been published at Leipzig, by Dr. Nicholas Bach. Although Mimnermus was not, as has been supposed, the inventor of elegiac verse, he was the first to employ it on amatory subjects. The elegies of Mimnermus were among the most highly esteemed of antiquity.

**Lingga.**—In the last Volume of the Transactions of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences is an interesting paper by M. Van Angelsen, on the island of Lingga. It is divided into three parts. In the first, he considers the island in a geographical point of view; the second he devotes to the history and moral condition of the Malays; and in the third he describes their government, trade,

and occupations. The island of Lingga is the actual residence of the primitive Malays. Its capital, called Four-Zei, is the ordinary place of abode of the sultan. Its climate is healthy; and there are but few diseases, the principal of which are of the skin. This island is very mountainous, and is covered with wood. In its forests grows the fine tree called *chaica paniculata*; and the soil indicates the presence of rich tin mines. It is also said that there is some gold. M. Van Angelsen observes that the country is magnificent, that nature shows herself there in all her force; but that it is vexatious to see that the natives benefit only partially from its fertility. They devote themselves but little to agriculture, which is held in disesteem. Fishing is almost their sole occupation, and the fish are abundant and excellent.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Literary Souvenir for 1828, 12s. 6d.; large paper, 24s. bds.—Illustrations to ditto, imperial proofs, 28s. in portfolio.—Ringrove; or, Old-Fashioned Notions, 2 vols. 16s. bds.—Taylor's Poems, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Crittwell's Housekeeper for 1828, 2s. sewed.—Chronicles of the Canongate, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Sacred Music by F. Lemare, new edition, 12s. bds.—Nesle's Romance of History, England, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—The O'Brien and O'Flahertys, by Lady Morgan, 4 vols. post 8vo. 24s. bds.—Dandy on Cutaneous Diseases, 8vo. 16s. 6d. bds.—Bloomfield's Recreations, Part II., 5 vols. 8vo. 4s. bds.—Burke's Works, Vols. XV. and XVI., 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Shuttleworth's Sermons, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Peel's Five Acts, by Espinasse, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Statutes 8th George IV., 8vo. 12s. bds.—Darley's Trigonometry, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—The Winter's Wreath for 1828, 12s. bds.—Pomological Magazine, No. 1., coloured plates, 2s.—Edwards's Botanical Register, No. 1X. of Vol. 13, coloured plates, 4s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 23	From 49. to 58.	29.50 to 29.05
Friday .. 24	45. — 58.	30.00 — 29.88
Saturday .. 25	47. — 60.	29.80 — 29.56
Sunday .. 26	48. — 45.	29.30 — 29.50
Monday .. 27	38. — 49.	29.76 — 29.90
Tuesday .. 28	30.5 — 50.	29.85 — 29.70
Wednesday 29	37. — 53.	29.00 — 29.64

Prevailing wind S.E. and N. Except the 28th and 31st, generally cloudy, with rains. Rain fallen  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch.

Edmonton.  
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.  
Longitude .... 0° 31' W. of Greenwich.

**Aurora Borealis.**—On Friday, the 26th ult., about nine o'clock in the evening, the Aurora was visible, exhibiting broad streams of a pale white light, varying in intensity, and proceeding from a cloud in the N.W.; the contractions were visible at intervals of about 2½ minutes, notwithstanding the presence of the moon.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Idiosyncrasy.**—We acknowledge, with pleasure, the receipt of a contribution of Two Guinea from the Rev. Jos. Bowdler, on behalf of the Literary Society; the same learned and philanthropic gentleman having also sent a far more valuable present of books for the library at Rykebeck. This example, added to our strenuous recommendation in Number 561, will we are convinced, produce an excellent effect.

B. T. may perhaps find the Russian Grammar we noticed in Messrs. Boney's, who had some copies.

D. E. shall be fully considered; we should like particularly, as they may have an effect.

A. S. wants another letter to his signature; so he might as well repeat the last.

Our good-nature gets us into many hobbies. We can, but we do not like to say "No" to every good. Civility, however, often exposes the editors of periodical works to annoyance—to persecution.

"A Quondam Hero of Peterloo," misconstrues the badinage of the paragraph to which he alludes, which, if its point was worth any thing, referred to the inefficiency known too many instances of and accomplished persons both in Liverpool and Manchester, to throw out any foolish general reflection on either place. A hero of any scene ought not to be so thin-skinned.

"A Begonia," is too early for us. A. A. E. must write to Ellen Muir per Two penny or General.

"A special vigilance," or if we admitted such poetry, our printer would not.

**Due ad me.**—We are requested and duly authorized to state, concerning the ducks immortalised in our last Gazette, that Sir C. Hawkins's ducks were not birds of the same feather with those of his distinguished daughter, Miss L. M. Hawkins, but quite different ducks. A. should the presence of novelties upon us this week? We have had many unavoidable postponements; but Boyle's, the Chronicles of the Canongate, and Hood's Whims, will, we trust, plead for us. By devoting three pages to Advertisements, we shall endeavour, as nearly as we can, to keep pace with the claims upon us; and purpose giving a double Gazette when the accumulation demands it.

Since Wednesday, such is the activity with which the publishing season has commenced, we have received twenty-eight volumes for review, besides those we have noticed.

\* The Arabs of Africa employ the word djebbet to signify a dry soil—a desert, in which there frequently is not the slightest upland of surface.





# THE MUMMY! A Tale of the Twenty-Second Century.

Why hast thou disappointed me to bring me up?  
 \*We have been so much amused with the "Mummy" it contains passages of genuine eloquence and true humour; and if novelty counts to success, this romance will be popular."—*Weekly Standard*  
 Printed for Henry Colburn, 9, New Burlington Street.

## GUESSES AT TRUTH.

By TWO BROTHERS.  
 These volumes emanate from reflective, ingenious, and well-placed minds, and are alike void of affectation and pedantry. They are, in fact, the authors' thought-book, in which beauty, philosophy, metaphysics, and religion, are by turns treated logically and playfully.—"Monthly Review," Oct. 1, 1837.  
 Published for John Taylor, Waterloo Place, by J. H. B. Fleet Street; and J. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

## THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY: ENGLAND.

By HENRY NEELE.  
 "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."—*Lord Byron*.  
 This work consists of Tales founded on fact, and illustrative of the romantic annals of each reign, from the Norman Conquest to the Restoration.  
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 Vol. II.—The Death of the Peacock of St. George—The Abbot's Plot—A Legend of Agincourt—The Witch of Eye—The Prophet—The Woeing at Grafton—Richmond's Three Perils.  
 Vol. III.—The White Rose of England—The Rings; a Tale of the Field of the Cloth of Gold—The Oak of Reformation—Ruprecht at Sark—Catherine Gray—The Captives—Goodrich Castle—A Legend of Edward Hall, New Public Subscription Library, 26, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

Just completed, in XX. Paris, price 10s. 6d. each, forming Four 4to. vols. embellished with Six Plates.

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The subjects of this work are the entertainments given to the King and his family in various towns, or at the mansions of the nobility; descriptions of the creations of peers, the receptions of ambassadors, the baptisms, marriages, tilts, and other solemnities; in short, a complete history of the court, chronologically arranged. The pamphlets, naques, and principal feasts, contained in the work amount to upwards of a hundred; and the original letters from which extracts are given, to many times that number. Of the pamphlets, several are of the utmost rarity in their original and only previous editions, having produced at auction from 5s. to 10s. each.

Thirty-two illustrative Portraits and Views may be purchased separately, price 2s.

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This volume is intended as a sequel to the "Encyclopædia of Antiquities," with which it is printed uniformly. It will include Accounts of Athens, Rome, Palmyra, Pæstum, Thebes, Veropolis, Pompeii, &c. about a thousand Articles of various consequence; in short, every Remains of the highest moment, prior to the age of Constantine. It is compiled from the most only engraved works, and the best books of Travels, Foreign and English, and will contain a large mass of interesting, curious, and instructive information. To the work will be prefixed an Introduction, or Catalogue Raisonné of the chief Matters of general Antiquity deducible from the local Descriptions. An Index of the modern Names (not synonymous with the ancient) of the Places described, and a List, hitherto unpublished in England, of the Symbols and Legends of Greek Provincial Coins, will also be given. In short, the work will not only be a proper Companion to the "Encyclopædia of Antiquities," but to the Synopses of English Local History. It will also be an Instructor and Guide to the Scholar and Antiquary. From the most learned and instructive information. To the work will be prefixed an Introduction, or Catalogue Raisonné of the chief Matters of general Antiquity deducible from the local Descriptions. An Index of the modern Names (not synonymous with the ancient) of the Places described, and a List, hitherto unpublished in England, of the Symbols and Legends of Greek Provincial Coins, will also be given.

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1. Phillips's History of Vegetables cultivated in Great Britain, 2d edition, revised, 3 vols. 8vo. 2s.

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 Printed for Henry Colburn, 9, New Burlington Street.

The following German and French Almanacs, for the ensuing Year, may be had of Trautzel and Wirtz, Trautzel, Jean, and Richter, Foreign Booksellers to the King, 30, Soho Square, Germany.

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